

Harry Potter and the Dragon Tournament

by Noisette-manga

Category: Harry Potter, How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Friendship

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-02-27 04:23:53

Updated: 2015-06-15 04:48:48

Packaged: 2016-04-26 16:54:35

Rating: T

Chapters: 8

Words: 32,948

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: /ON HIATUS BECAUSE WRITER BLOCK OF DOOM/The Triwizard Tournament was supposed to be only a tournament for entertainment in Harry's eyes. But with the ministry choosing to have a special subject for it this year, dragons are everywhere and the wizards need specialists. Though not everyone is too kin to the idea of Vikings walking around Hogwarts' walls...

1. Vikings and Wizards

And this is what HTTYD is doing with my life, I'm doin' a crozzover for it

gne

anyway, have a good read!

* * *

><p>Harry Potter and the Dragon Tournament_

**A How to train your dragon and Harry Potter (book four) crossover**

**Chapter 1**

**Vikings and Wizards**

Berk was a small isle located on the Meridian of Misery, at twelve days north of Hopeless, and a few degrees south of Freezing to Death. It was a little village situated at the lowest part of the isle, for a better access to water. A little bit upper on the mountains, the ground were mostly covered by large forests, untouched yet by the villagers. The people who lived there had been there for seven generations, which was a lot of taking for them, but every buildings were new in the town. The most noticeable things in this place was the fishing, hunting and " of course " the charming view of the

sunsets. Though, the biggest problem they used to have was the pest. See, in most places, people had mice or mosquitoes, but they had dragons. Naturally, normal people would have left immediately at the sight of those vile creatures.

But not them.

These people were Vikings. They always had stubbornness issues. So for seven long generations, they had been fighting the dragons who always stole their food. Until a boy named Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the III joined the party. A great name, but it wasn't the worst. Their parents believed that a hideous name would frighten off gnomes and trolls. Who knew if it was true? It seemed that these people would forget that their charming demeanor could do the trick.

But back to the boy, Hiccup was different from the othersâ€¦ See, every Vikings were similar in a way, buffy arms and tall, able to fight off dragons singlehandedly, the Viking way, in short!

Though it wasn't the case of poor Hiccup. The boy was skinny and weak, could barely hold an axe without sweating. The villagers didn't really appreciate him for his clumsiness and to worsen his fate, he was destined to be the heir of the tribe, the next leader. Of course, that was the trouble of being the single son of Stoick the Vast, chief of the tribe. Stories said that when he was a little baby, he popped a dragon's head clean off its shoulders. Did Hiccup believe him?

Yes he did.

So, being such an outcast to the rest of the village, the little boy wanted to make his mark. He tried and tried, until the realisation hit him: he had to kill a Night Fury. The most deadly dragon ever known among the Vikings. Though after a few events, he ended up befriending the fearful creature, to the point of even naming him Toothless. Great sense of naming, but it made sense since the dragon was most of the time without his teeth out of his gum. And the mark he had been striving to make? He made it, being the first Viking to ever fly on a dragon. Luckily for him, he was able to open up the villagers' eyes about the true colors of the creatures â€" they were technically pets for him â€" but at a great price. The boy lost his left leg after a dreadful fight with a monstrosity they named the Red Death. Regardless to that â€" due to the help of Gobber, the blacksmith â€" he got a prosthetic and after four years of walking and running around the village, he got used to having a fake leg. And thus, his mark was the beginning of a new era of peace between the Vikings and the dragons.

Hiccup sighed as he stared at the sea, his back resting on Toothless. He was bored and out of ideas at that moment, and it was killing him! Today was a nothing-to-do day, but it was painfully dull. He had passed time with his friends, passed time at the blacksmith with his sarcastic tongued teacher, Gobber, and flew most of the afternoon with his dragon but now he had nothing to do. Maybe he could pass time with Astrid?

Astrid

Just the name made him crack a smile. It was no secret that they both liked each other. Even though she was a more brutal type of person

than him, she had a sweet side too.

'Yo, Hiccup!' called a voice behind him. The said teenager looked behind him and saw the twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, Fishleg, Snotlout and Astrid coming closer to him. 'We were about to do a fire camp, wanna join?' asked Astrid. The teen grinned and got up, the familiar metal squeaking coming out of Hiccup's prosthetic, and walked with the others toward the edge of the forest. It became a routine for them to go pass time there when they had free time after a long day was passed with their dragon. After a while, it became a habit of theirs and so they all had their own little chore to do before settling down.

Astrid and Hiccup would go search for food and drinks â€" mostly fish, chicken and beverages â€" while Snoutlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut would go fetch wood deeper inside the forest and Fishleg would stay at the emplacement with the dragons, keeping an eye on their stuff. Most of the time, Snotlout would be alone in the almost dark forest, stressing over every small suspicious sound around him, thinking it might be a wolf or a bear about to kill him, but poor him! The mischievous twins were the origin of all the cracking and growling the boy heard. Of course, their messing around would stop when the siblings would start arguing about who grabbed first a piece of wood and obviously a fist fight was sure to ensure. After a while, they all gathered around the camp and started enjoying their time among friends, telling jokes and counting stories and legend. Before they even knew it, night time was there and their reserve of wood was getting thinner with each hour. At a certain point, Hiccup saw Astrid stifling a yawn and he took it as a cue point that maybe it was getting pretty late. The others confirmed his proposal of calling it a day and started to pack up, but it stopped abruptly when a pair of wings kept hitting the one legged boy's face.

'Get it off me!' He yelled in surprise. To his great displeasure, it took longer than planned to take away of him whatever attacked, and he was slightly blaming the twins who took pleasure to see people getting hurt in some ridiculous way. When the flapping of the wings stopped, Hiccup glared in annoyance at whatever creature who decided that it was such a good idea to jump in his face and he was surprised to see that it was an owl. Why would an owl act like this? The bird struggled furiously through Fishleg's grip and landed on Hiccup's shoulder. 'What theâ€|'

'It got something on its leg,' stated Ruffnut as she and her twin tried to hide a snicker at the ridiculous sight. The bird's beak was nibbling Hiccup hairs in a rather intense way. With a bit of struggle â€" and bites from the owl â€" the teen was finally able to grab whatever was on the animal's leg. To his surprise it was a piece of paper, well, technically a letter. The teenager squinted into the dark as he tried to read the back of the envelop. From what he could see, the text was neatly written in emerald ink.

Mr. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the III

Near the Raven Forest

Berk

'Ruff, Tuff, did any of you do that?' asked Hiccup as he showed them the letter in his hand, a glint of annoyance in his green eyes.

The twins furiously shook to head, a frown on their faces.

'As much as we'd like to do stuff like thatâ€|'

'We never trained an owl for doing this.'

'We'll that's weirdâ€|' Fishleg mumbled as he glared at the piece of paper in the teen's hand. The one legged boy opened the letter and as he kept reading, confusion was more and more evident on his face.

HOGWARTS SCHOOL of WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY

Headmaster: Albus Dumbledore

(Order of Merlin, First Class, Grand Sorc., Chf. Warlock,

Supreme Mugwump, International Confed. of Wizards)

Dear Mr. Haddock,

We have heard about your talent with the dragons. We would like to know if you would be interested into helping us for the Triwizard Tournament as one of the tasks requires people who have a way with them. We'd be infinitely grateful if you could accept this offer.

We await the return of this owl no longer than 31 July.

Yours sincerely,

Minerva McGonagall

Deputy Headmistress

Ps: In the morning, the headmaster will pay you a visit, for clarifying the context.

Hiccup folded the paper neatly and stared at the dying fire without saying anything. '_What in the name of Thor did I just read?_' he wondered, disturbed. '_Wizards don't existâ€|_' he shook his head. Who had the stupid idea of sending a bad prank? He put the letter into a small pouch tied to his belt and shrugged it off, but the owl thought differently. It started to nibble even more at his hair, turning them into a huge mess before flying of above the teens' heads, letting out a screech and fly away into the dark sky. The teenagers stood there in silence, eyes glued to where they last saw the bird. Well that was definitely different from their usual routine. After exchanging a few words about why the owl would have acted like it did and what was the actual meaning of the letter, all parted away, going to their own houses.

The one legged boy though as he walked towards his home with Toothless, he couldn't help but muse about wizards. He remembered that when he was little, he used to heard kids telling stories about these people who could cast spells with a stick â€" a wand some would say â€" and fight evil with magic, but those were just tell tales. Nothing like this could be true right?

Or maybeâ€|

He shook his head, great now he was wondering about the credibility of some fairy tales. When he arrived at his wooden little house, Toothless started to growl slightly, glaring angrily at the window.

'Are you _serious?_' he snapped when he saw the owl ruffling its feathers, the claws gripping strongly the wood of his house. Hiccup gestured his arms above his head in a poor attempt to scare away the bird, but only got a look of disapproval from it. _Great_. The teenager grumbled and his fellow dragon growled at the obnoxious animal. He sighed in defeat. Not even a _dragon_ would make the owl go away! 'Fine, if you _insist_, ' he mumbled as he entered his house, followed by Toothless. He was welcomed with the familiar sight of his father sitting on his favourite chair in front of the fireplace. He closed softly the door, in hope of not bringing his dad out of his strain of thoughts but to no avail, he took notice of the one legged boy. 'Hi, dad,' he greeted.

'Son,' Stoick replied, 'you came back late.'

'I was at the fire camp with the others, like usual,' Hiccup explained with a shrug. He bit the inside of his cheeks and wondered if he should be mentioning the letter he just received, but wouldn't Stoick the Vast think of him as crazy for worrying about such a trivial matter?

To hell with it

'You knowâ€¦ something happened back there.' started the teenager. His father stared at his son with curiosity all over his eyes. 'It sounds ridiculous but...' Stoick grinned lightly at that, a lot of thing his son did was ridiculous, but it had its charm in a way. 'An owl gave me a letter,' Hiccup finished as he took out the said letter out of his pouch. The chief's eyes widen at the mention of owl.

Could _they_ have tried to contact the Vikings?

'What was in it?' the man asked as he stood up from his seat.

'Er â€" it's says that, uh, they know about my '_talent_' with dragons and they're asking for help. There's also a mention of wizards, but that's absurd, they don't exist.'

Oh, so they did.

Stoick the Vast let out a sigh, he knew that one day he had to pass the knowledge about _them_ to his son, though he didn't think it would have been that soon.

'Sit down, son, I've got to explain to you a few things.' Hiccup sat down on a nearby chair while his father settled down on his with a heavy gleam on his face. They stayed in perfect silence â€" only the soft crackling of the flames was heard inside their house â€" and then the man cleared his throat. 'Hiccupâ€¦ Wizards do exist.' He deadpanned. The heir of the clan let out a small chuckle but quickly stopped when he saw the glare he got from his father.

'You are not jokingâ€¦' he said after a moment of hesitation. His

father nodded silently, 'but if they existed, we would have seen them!' he retorted.

'They live in secret, in fear of normal people attacking them. Very few of us know about them, otherwise they are mostly known through legends. We met them generations ago, but they became silent fifty years or so ago' until now.' He gestured the letter his son held in his hand and took it. His son remained silent as he swallowed the new.

So people with magical power existed.

He would like to name this idea silly but he couldn't. After all, dragons did exist, he couldn't deny it. Stoick pinched the bridge of his nose after he read the letter. It was sure that they would get a visit, there was no doubt.

'Do you have any idea what's a Triwizard Tournament?' Hiccup asked wistfully, hoping to get as much knowledge as possible. Sadly for him, his father shook his head. 'Alright' what else do you know about them?'

'That is pretty much all I got.'

'Oh' okay,' the one legged boy got up from his seat and stretched. 'I'm calling it a night. G'night dad.' He climbed the stairs, followed by Toothless and left for his bedroom.

'Goodnight, son.'

...~...~...~...~...~

Well this was the worst morning Hiccup ever had.

See, normally Toothless would be banging the roof for waking him and then go fly, the good routine 'even though at the beginning it was slightly annoying for the boy' but today he wasn't awoken by that. Instead, a strong cracking noise reached his ears and caused him to fall of his bed, followed by three soft knocks on the front door. It definitely wasn't his dragon doing the entire ruckus. He let out a groan as he got up and clumsily put on some clothes 'just to say he was wearing something. The knocking was once more heard, though slightly faster this time.

'Coming!' he said grumpily, the curtain of sleepiness still present in his mind. When he opened the door, he would be lying if he said he wasn't expecting that kind of person to be knocking at his door in the morning at an unholy hour. The man was incredibly old. He was wearing a purple dress and his long white beard was safely secured under the belt he had. His electric blue eyes were staring at Hiccup from behind a pair of round glasses that was resting on his crooked nose. The beard would have given an instant of 'maybe he's a Viking' vibe but the whole rest of the stranger man screamed something else.

'Why hello there young man, would you happen to be Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the III?' the strange man said in a friendly tone. The boy stopped eyeing the man and nodded silently, still unsure if he should be trusting him or not.

'Uh yeah, that's me. And you areâ€|?'

'Albus Dumbledore,' he said with a smile, 'I do believe that you received my letter?' the man asked as he glanced with a glint of humour in his eyes at the owl resting on the window. The one legged boy grimaced at the mention of the owl, but nodded anyway.

'Yeah I did, not the friendliest of all to be honest,' Hiccup said bitterly. 'The letter said you would help clarify the situation.'

'Ah, yes indeed. Well then shall we?' The boy let the headmaster enter inside and they sat down near the fire place.

'So,' the boy clapped his hands before looking more seriously at Dumbledore, 'what's the Triwizard Tournament?'

'It's an event that used to be popular among the wizards schools, for some reasons it stopped but this year we are trying to bring it back. The goal is to accomplish three difficult tasks and win.'

'Why did it stopped?'

'Too many people died during the tournaments.'

'Ohâ€|' well that wasn't good, 'alrightâ€| er â€" what help do you need with dragons?'

'Well, young man, this year the ministry had decided to bring a unique theme for the tournament and they had chosen the subject of dragons. Each task will have at least one dragon involved and we are in dire need of specialists in thisâ€| department.' Dumbledore explained with a charming smile. 'We can handle ourselves around them but for the time they'll be around the school - Hogwarts, I do fear wizards won't be enough to control them. And this, young man, is where you get into the play; you help us prepare the tasks and take care â€"and learn â€" of the dragons.' Hiccup mused silently, a pensive look in his eyes. It was tempting, the headmaster did mentioned about foreign dragons, which was like a Snoggletog gift for the boy, but at the same time, he didn't knew for how long he'd be gone.

'What's in it for me?' the heir of the clan asked, 'I don't want to give something without getting paid for it.'

'What would you like to get, my boy?'

'Erâ€|' Hiccup bit his lips. Damn! He couldn't name something just out of the blue! And he didn't think he was in dire need of something. He would naturally prefer something with benefit, not only for him, but for everyone else of Berk. Oh, now it clicked in his mind, he knew it. 'Well, now that you mention it, our winters are very hard, nine months of snow to be exact, and as you can guessâ€| food is hard to get for us during that time.' The elderly man nodded in comprehension, waiting for the boy to continue. 'So here's my offer, I help you with the dragons and you'll provide food here for a whole winter.' Hiccup finished, slightly hoping that his deal would be good enough for the old man. To his surprise, it seemed that it was fair enough. The headmaster grinned at the one legged boy and

stood up from the hard chair he was sitting on.

'I do believe he have ourselves a deal, Mister Haddock.'

* * *

><p>EeeeeeeeY! First chapter is doooone

hell yeaaaaaaaaaaaaah

anyway, I know it seems kinda awkward at the beginning for the interaction between the characters, I didn't felt secure enough when i began writing it... but it'll get better soon enough! And expect a new chapter more likely tomorrow afternoon, alright?

Next chapter we'll see what's going on on Harry's side!

_blah blah blah, review and fave if yeh liked it blah blah
blah_

You know the routine guys

See y'all soon

2. The Triwizard tournament & mysterious gu

Like I promised, here yeh go, a second chapter *horrayyyy*

feel meh joy

_anyhow, this time we see on the other side at Hogwarts with our lil'
Harry Potter. _

* * *

><p>Harry Potter and the Dragon
Tournament_

**Chapter 2**

**The Triwizard tournament & mysterious guests**

Harry was glad that he was finally back at Hogwarts. The summer's vacations had been quite intense at the end of it and it had been setting everyone on edge with all the Dark Mark and the Quidditch World Cup, but now it was calmer.

'I still can't put my finger on what Mrs. Weasley meant sooner!'' said a frustrated Hermione. Ron nodded furiously, equally puzzled by the way his family mentioned about something 'great' happening this year.

'Same hereâ€¦ Ugh, it pisses me off that _Malfoy_ knows what is going on,' mumbled Ron. The Boy-Who-Lived bit the inside of his cheeks in annoyance. He was dying to know what the big deal was but it was all but foggy in his mind about the subject of 'interesting year'.

'At least we'll know at the feast, I guess?'' wondered out loud

Harry.

'I supposeâ€|'' replied the bushy haired girl in defeat as she glanced outside the train. ''We should prepare ourselves, we're almost there,' she added in a lighter tone. The boys agreed and left to the bathroom for the uniforms â€"since a lady's privacy is sacred â€" and came back with their robes on. They kept talking until the train stopped fully. They got down of it eagerly and quickly climbed inside one of the many horseless carriages waiting for the older students. The teenagers shivered at the terrible weather outside and were glad that they weren't the first year students at this moment. Being stuck on a boat at night under the rain wasn't really fun.

~...~...~...~...~...~...~

After an interminable sorting session and a feast with an outraged Hermione about house elves been inside Hogwarts' walls, the desserts vanished away of the table and it was time for the same speech the Headmaster did at every beginning of school. The elderly man got up from his seat and cleared his throat, his eyes twinkling at the sight of all the students eager for another year inside Hogwarts.

'Now that we are all feed and watered-' the bushy haired girl let out a huff of indignation at his comment. ''I must once more ask for your attention, while I give you a few notices.

'Mr. Filch, the caretaker, has asked me to tell you that the list of objects forbidden inside the castle has this year been extended to include Screaming Yo-yos, Fanged Frisbees and Ever-Bashing Boomerang. The full list comprises some four hundred and thirty-seven items, I believe, and can be viewed in Mr. Filch office, if anybody would like to check it.' The headmaster smiled at the thought of students actually going to verify the list â€" which would be close to impossible â€" and continued his speech.

'As ever, I would like to remind you all that the Forest in the grounds is out-of-bounds to students, as is the village of Hogsmeade to all below third year. It is also my painful duty to inform you that the inter-house Quidditch Cup will not take place this year.'

'_What?!'_ Harry gasped. How could Dumbledore cancel such an important event for the school? He _breathed_ that sport! Some fellow Quidditch students of his house mouthed words of disbelief and others were about to get up and oppose the happy headmaster about suppressing it but they didn't have time because he kept talking.

'This is due to an event that will be starting in October, and continuing throughout the school year, taking much of the teacher's time and energy â€" but I am sure you will enjoy it immensely. I have great pleasure in announcing the this year at Hogwarts â€"' He didn't get the time to tell the new as he was cut by the rumbling of thunder and the doors of the Great Hall banged open. A man limped in, each step coming out with a _clunk_ that echoed through the Hall, toward Dumbledore. The strange man seemed completely unaware that all the eyes were glued on him only. His face looked like it was a chunk of wood clumsily carved on with a little knife, many part of his features were covered with scars and a small part of his nose was

even missing! Though only that was disturbing enough, he seemed to have won the 'scariest man contest' with the bonus of his eyes.

One eye was beady and dark while the other was large, electric blue and moved in every direction possible. It even rolled to the back of his head at a few time.

The stranger shook hands firmly with the headmaster, exchange a few mumbles and then Dumbledore gestured to him the empty seat at the teacher's table. He sat down, picked a plate of sausages, sniffed it and started eating after assuring himself that _maybe_ it was eatable.

'May I introduce our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Professor Moody.' Said the headmaster. Usually, the new staffs would have a round of applause from the students but that time, none of the teachers nor the students clapped except for Hagrid and Dumbledore. Their clapping echoed into the silent room but quickly died when they saw that no one else joined them. The golden trio exchanged a few whispers of worry about the new teacher as they saw him pick out a bottle out of his travelling cloak and swallowed whatever liquid what inside it.

'As I was saying,' the Headmaster said with a smile, 'we are to have the honour of hosting a very exciting event over the coming months, an event which has not been held for over a century. It is my very great pleasure to inform you that the Triwizard Tournament will be taking place at Hogwarts this year.'

'You're JOKING!' exclaimed loudly Fred Weasley. Almost everyone ended up laughing at the sudden outburst of the twin and Dumbledore let out a chuckle.

'I am not joking, Mr. Weasley,' he said, 'though now you mention it, I did hear an excellent one over the summer about a troll, a hag and a leprechaun who all go into a bar â€œ'

Professor McGonagall cleared her throat loudly and glared in disapproval at her boss.

'- but maybe this is not the timeâ€|noâ€|' he mumbled. 'Where was I? Ah yes, the Triwizard Tournamentâ€| Well some of you will not know what this tournament involves, so I hope those who do know will forgive me for giving a short explanation and allow their attention to wander freely.'

The elderly man gave a long explanation about the tournament being seven hundred years old and that it had to be stopped due to the ridiculous death toll it brought. Through the centuries, they had been many attempts and sadly, they never ended well. However, the Department of International Magical Co-operation and Magical Games and Sport had decided to give another try that year. They had apparently worked hard over the summer to ensure that no champion would find death during the tasks.

'The Heads of Beauxbatons and Durmstrang will be arriving with their short-listed contenders in October, and the selection of the three champions will take place at Halloween. An impartial judge will decide which students are most worthy to compete for the Triwizard Cup, the glory of their school, and a thousand Galleons personal

prize money.' His mouth twitched into a smile as he saw all the students whispering eagerly about maybe signing up. 'I might also mention that we'll be hosting special guests for the whole tournament. They are not wizards' more students started to chatter between them. They would have guests who were not wizards? '- but they're also not muggles. They had been invited to join the party since we were in need of their talents for the tasks.'

A few of the teachers had a bitter look about the mention of them. They knew who the Headmaster was talking about, and they were very aware of the need of their talents for the tournament but it didn't mean that they enjoyed the idea of these people walking among the students. The trio exchanged looks of curiosity among each other and they were all confused. Who are they?

'And now, it is late, and I know how important it is to you all to be alerted and rested as you enter your lessons tomorrow morning. Bedtime! Chop chop!' The headmaster sat down and started to chatter with the new teacher, leaving the students to go to their dormitories.

Harry got up from his place and followed the flow of teenagers walking toward their own respective dorm. Some were chattering about how it would have been nice to sign in for the competition but, of course, Hermione would quickly push away the thought of it with the fact of the death toll the tournament got. Afterward, they climbed the moving stairs in silence, all lost in their own thoughts, until the bushy haired girl brought out the question everyone had on their mind.

'Who are the special guests Professor Dumbledore mentioned?'

~...~...~...~...~...~...~

'Any luck?' asked Harry as he flipped another page of the book he held. Hermione being, well, Hermione, she dragged the two boys with her at the library and they were doing researches about who might be the special people the school were supposed to host for the tournament.

'No' said a disappointed girl. 'They are no wizard but they also are no muggles,' she recited the words Dumbledore had said at the feast a week ago, but the words didn't make any sense to her. 'What could it mean? I would have gone towards squibs but they wouldn't be useful for such a thing like the tournament' she mused while she scratched her head in frustration.

'M'yeah, can we go now?' asked a bored Ron. Hermione glared daggers at the red head boy but sorted her book away and left the library without saying a single word.

~...~...~...~...~...~...~

At the Entrance Hall, the trio found themselves unable to walk due to a large crowd of students stand all around a large sign. Ron got on tiptoe to see and read aloud the text for his two friends.

TRIWIARD TOURNAMENT

_**The delegations from Beauxbatons and Durmstrangs will be arriving at 6 o'clock on Friday 30**__**th**__** of October. Lessons will end half an hour early-**_

Harry let out a sigh of relief that meant his potion classes with Professor Snape would be shorter than usually.

_**Students will return their bags and books to their dormitories and assemble in front of the castle to greet out guests before the Welcoming Feast**__._

'Only a week away!' said Ernie MacMillan of Hufflepuff in excitement. Almost every students were about to jump in joy at the fact that the long awaited guests would be finally there in only a week! Seven days and they would discover the mysterious special guests everyone was dreading to discover.

-...~...~...~...~...~

Today was the day.

Today was the day the two wizard schools and the guests would arrive! Like the sign indicated, the students were allowed to leave their classes earlier and they were now all gathering outside the school, in the cold air of October. Many of them were wondering how they would come,

By train?

By broomstick?

By Apparating? ('It's impossible to Apparate on Hogwarts ground!' replied Hermione.)

Apparently these theories were too lame for the other schools. The first was Beauxbatons and they arrived in an enormous powder blue carriage pulled by horses. It soared towards them and landed gracefully on the ground. The students kept mumbling about how classy their introduction was.

A _tall_ woman got out of the house-like carriage and walked toward the elderly man in charge of the school. Now that Harry could take a good look at her, he swore to god that she was even taller than Hagrid! A group of ladies dressed in soft blue silk dresses followed their headmasters.

'My dear Madame Maxime,' Dumbledore greeted with a polite kiss on the large woman's hand. 'Welcome to Hogwarts.'

'Dumbly-dorr,' she said in a strong French accent, 'I 'ope I find you well?'

'On excellent form, I thank you.'

'My pupils,' she said as she gestured to the group of teens standing near her. The group was shivering under the incredible lack of heat the clothes they had brought to them. 'As Karkaroff arrived yet?' Madame Maxime asked, 'and what aboutâ€¦ _them_?' she added

with a grimace.

'He should be here at any moment, the same for them, they should also be arriving quite soon.' Dumbledore said with a polite smile at the woman. 'Would you like to wait here and greet him or would you prefer to step inside and warm up a trifle?'

'Warm up, I think.' And they kept talking about who would take care of the horses and the headmaster reassured her that Hagrid was more than capable to taking care of a few magical horses. Afterward she led inside her students and left the other students wonder who would be next.

It turned out to be the second school and they were equally as show off as Beauxbatons was. They were in a ship that emerged out of the water, like it was something completely normal. The people who got out of the ship were strongly built and seemed pretty tall – well not Madame Maxime tall, but normal tall. The closer they got, the more obvious it was to Harry that most of the 'muscles' were done by the large coats of fur they were wearing. The leader of the group was obvious since he was sticking out like a thumb with the type of coat he was wearing: sleek and silver.

'Dumbledore!' He called heartily, a large grin on his feature. 'How are you, my dear fellow friend, how are you?'

'Blooming, thank you, Professor Karkaroff,' Dumbledore replied. They shook hand and the foreign headmaster took a glanced at the castle.

'Dear old Hogwarts,' he said with a smile. 'How is it good to be here, how good – Viktor, come along, into the warmth – you don't mind, Dumbledore? Viktor has a slight head cold – !'

'Of course not, meanwhile we'll wait for our last guest to arrive.' The older man said, his eyes twinkling. Karakroff grimaced slightly, knowing already that Madame Maxime was there – the house-like carriage wasn't hard to miss – but nodded anyway.

'Harry!' Ron said suriously and he shook the boy. 'Look!' he pointed at a boy who got closer to Karkaroff. 'It's Krum!'

If there wasn't a crowd of kids in front of him, Harry would have sworn that his friend would have run to the boy and asked an autograph. Which would have given a bad welcoming from Hogwarts of course. On the other side, Hermione was barely staying put. She was playing nervously with the tissue of her coat as she glared everywhere around her to see how the mysterious guests would come. She had passed most of her free time at the library, trying to find out who could be related to wizard without being one nor a muggle, but to her great displeasure, the book didn't give any answers to her.

'Look at the lake!' squealed a first year. Everyone drew their attention towards the lake and three ships where sailing toward the school. The one at the middle was ridiculously big – bigger than the one from Durmstrangs – while the other two were tiny.

'Wonder why the middle one is so huge –' mused Hermione in a whisper. When the ship finally came to a stop, only seven persons

climbed out of the ships and walked towards Hogwarts but one of them quickly turned back to it when it started to shake violently and a growl came out of the wooden transportation.

'Oh for the love of Odinâ€¦' the retreating one mumbled in annoyance as he got back inside. The six others waited patiently for the missing one to come back. It seemed to them that these unusual activities inside a boat were something normal for them. How strange. The missing man quickly came back after the largest ship stopped shaking and they all resumed their walk towards the entrance of the school. It was quite obvious for Harry that it was probably their first time seeing a castle by the look of pure astonishment on their faces. 'By godsâ€¦ We could have thought about building _stone_ houses. Would have been less a pain to build up the villages after the raids.'

Raids? What were they talking about?

The students took a moment to glance at the newcomers and they all thought how strange they looked. The one who seemed to be the leader was terribly young, â€" probably in his seventeen â€" he had wild brown hair, a perfect pair of emerald eyes and an army of freckles all over his cheeks and nose. He wore clothes similar to an armor but mostly made of black and brown leathers â€" some parts were designed to look like scales over his belly â€" and tucked under his arm was a cask that would mostly cover completely his face had he wore it. It was pretty similar to the others who wore armors like clothes but they all had their own little flavor â€" one had fur over her shoulders while another one's clothes were only made of it. They were all different in sizes and appearances but, all carried a weapon with them. They were all young except one who was definitely the elder of the group.

And the weirdest of them.

He had a long blond mustache, a grumpy glare and a fake _tooth_ made of stone. He had a wooden leg on the right and half of his left arm was missing, replaced with a menacing looking hook. Now _that_ was reassuring.

'Sir,' the leader said with a small bow of his head. The headmaster came closer and shook hands with the teenager.

'Ah, Hiccup!' a few students stifled a giggle when they heard the name â€" Ron and Harry included â€"who would name their son after an involuntary reflex humans could have? 'I'm glad to know that you make it in time here,' Dumbledore continued. The boy glared daggers at the kids who had a huge grin at the mention of his name but said nothing.

'Of course, we are _more_ than happy to help you with theâ€¦ Triwizard Tournament.' He said with a smile â€" though it sort of seemed force. 'But we still have to talk about the deal.' Hiccup added more seriously. The elderly man nodded and gestured them to get inside. The leader of the group nodded stiffly and made a gesture with his head to tell his companions to follow the elderly man. The students of Hogwarts slowly started to walk inside the castle, assuring themselves to keep a good distance with the strangers. They looked scary.

'Oh noâ€¦' mumbled Hermione.

'What is it?' asked Harry. The Gryffindor girl said nothing but pointed at a duo in the new party and now he knew why she was in shock.

A pair of mischievous looking twins was there, and they had seen the Weasley duo. They just stared at each other and the four exchanged a grin that only announced bad news to the rest of the school.

* * *

><p>Another chapter, yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay

I gotta admit I'm not too happy with this chapter... There's too much dialogues event though I've tried to shorten it at a lot of places... Meh, I at least hope you guys appreciated it.

I know it's sort of accelerated and missed important parts such as Professor Moody giving the lesson about the three unforgivable curses but don't worry, I'll do flashbacks when the time's going to be proper. It's mostly because I also wanted to go quickly over all the introduction of the school and of our heroes of Berk and start with the action soon enough.

Next chapter the Golden Trio will meet for real Hiccup and maybe a friendship will ensure? You'll see

blah blah blah like and review if ye liked blah blah blah

see y'all next time.

3. Welcoming Feast and the Goblet of Fire

There you go chapter three *yaaay*

Sorru it took time... some stuff happened (helped my step-sis move with her bf into their new home + family meeting) I hope a chapter of 4 330 words will be good enough for now.

Enjoy reading!

* * *

><p>Harry Potter and the Dragon Tournament_

**Chapter 3**

**Welcoming Feast and the Goblet of Fire**

Hermione sighed in frustration as her red haired friend almost fainted at the idea of his favourite Quidditch player â€" Viktor Krum â€" was in the same building as him.

'I don't believe it!!!' Ron voiced out in astonishment while the Hogwarts students filed back up the steps behind the party of mysterious guests. 'Krum, Harry! Viktor Krum!!!'

'For Heaven's sake, Ron, he's only a Quidditch player,' said Hermione in annoyance. The said boy looked at her in disbelief, completely wounded by her statement.

'Only a Quidditch player?' He shrilled, 'Hermione â€" he's one of the best Seekers in the world!' I had no idea he was still at school!'

Many of the students shivered in excitement, a celebrity was in their school! How many times had it happened inside Hogwarts? Almost never â€" without counting Lockhart in Harry's opinion. The golden Trio sat down at their table and stole glances at the groups. They all seemed uncomfortable with which table to choose.

Ravenclaw?

Hufflepuff?

Slytherin?

Gryffindor?

'Over here! Come and sit over here!' The red haired boy made quick gesture in an attempt to catch the attention of his favourite Quidditch player. 'Over here!' He pushed lightly his bushy haired friend in haste, 'Hermione, budge up, make a space â€"'

'What?'

'No!' Ron felt defeat climbing into his chest as he saw the unnamed group pick seats at the Gryffindor table while the Durmstrang students sat down at the Slytherin table. The teenager named Hiccup followed the blond girl with fur on her shoulders but Dumbledore grabbed the boy's shoulder and directed him toward the teacher's table. The blond girl glanced at him and mouthed _'what are you doing?_' The boy gave her a look of slight panic and responded _'I don't know'_ in silence before he couldn't make eye contact with her anymore. Harry would be lying if he said he wasn't amused by this scene he just saw between those two. 'Yeah, that's right, smarm up to him, Malfoy,' said Ron in disdain. The Boy-Who-Lived glanced at the Slytherin table and saw Malfoy â€" with an annoying smug look on his face â€" bending forward to speak to Krum. 'I bet Krum can see right through him, thoughâ€" bet he gets people fawning over him all the timeâ€" where d'you reckon they're going to sleep? We could offer him a space in our dormitory, Harryâ€" I wouldn't mind giving him my bed, I could kip on a camp-bed.' The red haired boy let out a sigh, his eyes sparkled at the idea of the best seeker sharing the Gryffindor's dormitory with him. Hermione snorted.

'They look a lot happier than the Beauxbatons lot,' said Harry.

The Durmstrang students were glancing at the Great Hall's starry black ceiling with expression of interests on their faces and others were picking up the golden plates and stared at them in appreciation. Meanwhile, the French students had looks of gloom and bitterness on their features and they were still holding firmly their scarfs around their heads.

At the staff table, Mr. Filch, the caretaker, was adding chairs. The man was wearing old battered cloths that used to be fancy " but not so much anymore " for the occasion and the Hogwarts students had to admit it was quite strange seeing him in that apparel. The Boy-Who-Lived frowned as he counted the chairs the man was adding on the sides of Dumbledore's seats.

'But there's only three extra people,' Harry said. 'Why's Filch putting five chairs? Who else is coming?'

'Eh?' Ron said vaguely, his eyes still glued on his favourite celebrity.

When all the students had sat down at their tables and calmed down, the staffs began to fill up the teachers' table and choose their seats. Last in line were Professor Dumbledore, Professor Karkaroff, Hiccup and Madame Maxime. The boy was sat between the Headmaster of Hogwarts and the giant woman and by the look of discomfort flashing in his eyes, he didn't wanted to be stuck there. Dumbledore got up from his seat and smile warmly at all the students.

'Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, ghosts " and most particularly " guests and Vikings,' said the headmaster as he beamed at the foreign students and visitors. All the students started to chatter between themselves at the discovery of the identity of the mysterious guests. Hermione gasped, her eyes sparkled in excitement and whispered to the boy;

'Vikings! I thought they disappeared!'

'My dad told me about them!' Ron replied silently. 'Heard they live separated from the muggle's world like we do. There's somethin' too about them being on magical lands for so long they became able to see magic.'

'I have great pleasure in welcoming you all to Hogwarts. I hope and trust that your stay here will be both comfortable and enjoyable.' Dumbledore continued. 'The tournament will be officially opened at the end of the feast. I know invite you all to eat, drink and make yourselves at home!' He sat down and Karkaroff leaned forward to talk to the elderly man. The dishes in front of everyone filled up with food " some familiar and some definitely foreign " and the students started to serve themselves. A small yelp escaped the mouth of the young heir of Berk as he saw the sudden appearance of the food and he slightly backed away with his chair from the table. The headmaster chuckled at the boy. Hiccup repositioned himself comfortably on his seat when he saw that everyone else " well, without including the Vikings lot "didn't blink at the unpredicted burst of magic that just popped out in front of their faces.

He looked at his group and smiled at the sight of his friends feasting like they would back at home.

Home" |

It has been only two weeks since he left Berk with his friends for helping the wizards and he was already homesick! And he had been on the sea for those two weeks! Sure there were a lot of incredible things to see in this place but he preferred be where he actually

belonged: at Berk with Toothless. The one legged boy let a sigh come out as he picked a chunk of chicken and place it in his plate.

'Mister 'Addock,' said Madame Maxime with a look of bitterness on her face. 'I was told that only you was supposed to come. I didn't think other Vikings would come 'ere.'

'Wellâ€¦ I can take care of dragons but it'd make my job easier if I had a bit of help, don't you think?' Hiccup replied politely with a forced smile. He didn't appreciate being around her, neither did she. Though her glare seemed less bitter when the boy mentioned about the creatures.

'I see,' she concluded and resumed her eating. The boy glanced at the teachers' table and took notice that everyone was conversing with someone or concentrated on their meal. He bit the inside of his cheek, maybe if he couldâ€¦

To hell with it

He silently shuffled on his chair and made an escape. A few second later he was sitting next to a bored Astrid who didn't spot him yet.

'Hi.'

'Hiccup!' Astrid gasped in surprise as she expected the teenager to still be stuck between the two elders. She punched Hiccup on the shoulder and he let out a chuckle mixed with a cough. The other Vikings laughed heartily at the couple and resumed their feasting. 'You scared the crap out of me! How did you get here?' she voiced angrily but at the same time with relief. The boy just glanced at her with satisfaction in his green eyes before picking up food and whistled playfully. She eyed him until she realized what that glance meant. She turned to the teacher table just in time to see Madame Maxime scowling at the empty chair and glanced at the Gryffindor's table. The French woman shook her head and served herself with salad.

'You didn'tâ€¦'

'I did,' he replied with a smirk as he gave a high five to Tuffnut and Ruffnut who thought his escape was cool. The one legged boy frowned at he saw a meal on the table he never saw before. 'More importantlyâ€¦ what is that?' he questioned as he showed the others a plate with green vegetables he never saw on their farming fields.

'Risotto,' a little voice said next to him. He turned and saw a girl with wild bushy brown hair and curiosity in her eyes. 'The food,' she pointed the strange meal the Heir of Berk was holding. 'It's called risotto, though that one is a vegetarian plate.' The male twin stopped himself from touching the food.

'Vegetarian?' said Tuffnut. 'As inâ€¦ no meat in it?' He asked in disbelief. The girl nodded with a big smile while the guy grimaced and shuffled away from it.

'What kind of food is it if it doesn't have meat in it?' asked

Snoutlout in a huff. The two girls from the group rolled their eyes at the unnecessary comment the guys said. The bushy haired girl frowned and glanced behind her as she heard two persons, Ron and Harry, stifling their laughs. She had to admit, she didn't expect the strangers to respond to foreign food in that way.

'I'm Hermione Granger,' she said with a smile as she offered her hand to the green eyed boy. The boy gave her a confusing glance but shook her hand anyway. 'Oh and they're my friends, Ron Weasley and Harry Potter.' The bushy haired girl gestured to the two boys and waited for Hiccup to maybe react to the Boy-Who-Lived, but he and his friends didn't blink.

'That's the first time I see someone not reacting to your name, Harry!' whispered Ron. Harry rolled his eyes.

'I prefer it that way,' he answered back.

'Those are weird namesâ€|' the stranger mumbled before coughing. 'I'm Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third,' he said. The golden trio opened their mouths and tried to understand how and why he had such a long â€" and bizarre â€" name. 'And this is Fishleg,' the largest man of the group with tiny eyes gave a small wave at the girl. 'Snoutlout,' the one who complained about food sent a wink at her. 'The twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut,' they made a grimace and continued eating. 'Gobber,' the hook-armed man grumbled something and drank from the mug-prosthetic he installed instead of the menacing looking one he had a while ago. 'And Astrid,' Hiccup finished as he dropped his hand on the blond girl next to him.

'Whyâ€| those names?' Hermione asked hesitantly

'Our parents thinks that a hideous name would scare away gnomes and troll,' explained Fishleg with a smile.

'Trolls exists!' interrupted Gobber, his mug pointing in a non-threatening way at the Golden Trio. 'They steal your socksâ€|! But only the left oneâ€| what with that?' he mused with a frown. The trio glanced at each other and they all were thinking how strange the group was.

'Why the fake tooth?' blurted out Ron. Hermione slapped the boy's shoulder, 'OW! What was that for 'mione?!'

'You don't ask things like that!' she hissed at him, though Gobber laughed heartily and sent a mysterious look at the teenagers.

'Do you want to know how I lost my tooth?' he asked with a grin that exposed to its best the mentioned tooth made in rock. The kids nodded vigorously but the Viking teenagers let out groans escape their mouths and they all resumed eating. 'What? You don't like hearing my stories?!' asked Gobber, slightly insulted. The little leader rolled his eyes and swallowed his bite of pork.

'I've seen the dragon and I still can't believe your story! It's way too far fetch even for wizards.' replied Hiccup. The older man let out a huff and stabbed a knife in the chicken in his plate, mumbling about how no one believed him when it truly happened â€" and Harry could have sworn he heard him mumble something about a hammer head yak riding a hammer head whale. Hermione gasped and grabbed

the boy by his pauldron and brought all his attention on her.

'You've seen a dragon?! What happened?' she asked excitedly. Hiccup's eyes widen up as he realized the slip up he just said and swallowed the thick saliva in his throat.

'Once,' he said quickly without making eye contact. 'More than you could count!' he thought. The girl frowned at the sudden nervousness coming from his friend "well, she didn't know if she could call Hiccup a friend yet but he was friendly enough. 'Maybe the experience was bad enough to scare him to life'?' The bushy haired girl pondered. She opened her mouth to voice out why he acted like this but was quickly stopped when she heard a door close near the teachers' table. The Golden Trio turned their attention there and saw Hagrid joining the feast. The half giant man sent a wave at Ron, Hermione and Harry with a bandaged hand.

'Skewts doing all right, Hagrid?' called Harry.

'Thrivin', Hagrid replied with a smile.

'Yeah, I bet they are,' said Ron in a whisper. 'looks like they've finally found a food they like, doesn't it? Hagrid's fingers.' He concluded. They heard a gasp and saw that Hiccup was staring with his eyes wide open at the gigantic friend they had.

'Everything alright, Hiccup?' Harry asked. The said boy opened his mouth a few time and finally a few words got out of his mouth.

'He's taller than my dad'

'How tall is your dad?'

'Seven feet tall,' mumbled the one legged boy. The trio all exchanged a glance. It couldn't be possible! But by the approving look coming from the other Vikings, they were confirmed that yes, the father of Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third was actually seven feet tall. What could that man have eaten to get this height without touching anything linked to magic was actually a good question to ask. 'I never thought I'd seen a real giant in my life!' He added.

'Hagrid's half giant!' corrected Ron.

'What the '"

'Excuse me, are you wanting ze bouillabaisse?' asked a soft voice. Ron spun on his seat and saw it was a very beautiful girl from the Beauxbatons School. Her long silvery blond hair fell almost to her waist, deep blue eyes and ivory skin. The boy became as red as his hair and tried to voice out a legit answer to the girl but only a gurgling sound escaped his throat.

'Yeah, have it,' said Harry as he pushed the plate towards her.

'You 'ave finished wiz it?'

'Yeah,' Ron said breathlessly. 'Yeah, it was excellent.' He added with a nod and gave her a shy smile. She barely blinked and picked up the plate, carried it to the Ravenclaw table. The red haired boy let out a sigh as he kept glancing at her, almost as if he never saw a woman in his life before. Harry and the Vikings started to laugh at the boy. The sound seemed to bring back Ron from Lala-Land and he quickly sent a glare at his best friend.

'She's a _Veela_!' he hissed.

'Of course she isn't!' replied Hermione. 'I don't see anyone else gaping at her like an idiot!' she justified but, a soft tap on her shoulder brought her attention and she saw an amused Hiccup pointing at Snoutlout who was staring at the said girl with dreamy eyes.

'What's a 'Veela'?' asked Fishleg.

'They're magical creatures. They can confuse men with their beauty.' Hermione explained.

'I'm telling you, that's not a normal girl!' Ron continued and leaned over the table for a better look of the girl. 'They don't make them like that at Hogwarts!'

'They make them OK at Hogwarts,' Harry said without thinking. A few seats away from the silver haired girl, Cho Chang was sitting there.

'When you've both put your eyes back in,' interrupted Hermione, 'you'll be able to see who's just arrived.' She pointed at the teachers' table. The two remaining seats had been filled up by Ludo Bagman and Mr. Crouch.

'What are they doing here?' asked Harry in surprise.

'They organized the Triwizard Tournament, didn't they?' said Hermione. 'I suppose they wanted to be here to see it start.'

The second course was finally served and rather large wave of confusion came from the Vikings since they never tasted anything close to chocolate or pudding. After all the plates had been wiped clean, Dumbledore stood up. Tension built up in the Great Hall. Harry felt excitement climbing his throat, wondering what was coming. A few seats away at the Gryffindor table, the Weasley twins were leaning forward, all their attention focused on the Headmaster.

'The moment has come,' he said, smiling at the sea of students. 'The Triwizard Tournament is about to start. I would like to say a few words of explanation before we bring in the casket â€'

'The what?' Harry whispered. His friend shrugged.

'- just to clarify the procedure which we will be following this year. But firstly, let me introduce, for those who do not know them, Mr. Bartemius Crouch, Head of the Department of International Magical Co-operation,' there a smattering of polite applause came to greet the man. 'and Mr Ludo Bagman, Head of the Department of Magical Games and Sports.' A much louder round of applause for Bagman was heard from the students â€" probably because of his fame or because

he looked friendlier than Crouch. 'Mr. Bagman and Mr. Crouch have worked tirelessly over the last few months on the arrangements for the Triwizard Tournament and they will be joining myself, Professor Karkaroff, Madame Maxime and Mister Haddock on the panel which will judge the champions' efforts.'

The students became even more attentive as the old Headmaster mentioned the word 'champion'. Dumbledore smiled at the students and probably took notice of their stillness.

'The casket, then, if you please, Mr. Filch,' he said.

The caretaker approached the headmaster, carrying a great wooden chest, encrusted with jewels. By the look it had, it seemed extremely old. The students started chattering in excitement at the sight of the old looking object.

'The instruction for the tasks the champions will face this year have already been examined by Mr. Crouch and Mr. Bagman â€"'' Hiccup scoffed and brought his attention back to the little golden spoon he was spinning between his fingers.

'Yeah, examined the tasks but didn't ask an expert for help, of course not!'' he whispered bitterly.

'Look, maybe we can adjust a few things before the tasks starts,' proposed Astrid as she dropped her hand on his shoulder.

'Yeah, maybe,' he took her hand and smiled warmly at her before returning his attention back to the speech. Mr. Filch had placed the chest carefully on the table in front of him.

'- and they have made the necessary arrangements for each challenge. There will be three tasks, spaced throughout the school year, and they will test the champion in many different waysâ€| their magical prowess â€" their daring â€" their powers of deduction â€" and, of course, their ability to cope with danger.'

By now, it felt like no one was actually breathing inside the Great Hall.

'As you know, three champions compete in the Tournament.' Dumbledore went on, 'one from each of the participating schools. They will be marked on how well they perform each of the Tournament tasks and the champion with the biggest total after task three will win the Triwizard Cup. The champions will be chosen by an impartial selectorâ€| the Goblet of Fire.' The Headmaster took out his wand and tapped three times on the top of the casket. The lid creaked slowly open. He reached inside it and pulled out a large, roughly carved wooden cup. It would have been just a dull object hadn't it been for the wild blue flames dancing inside it.

Dumbledore closed the casket and placed the Goblet of Fire carefully on top of it so everyone could see it clearly.

'Anybody wishing to submit themselves as champion must write their name and school clearly upon a slip of parchment and drop it into the Goblet. Tomorrow night, Halloween, â€"'' ('what's 'halloween?' whispered Fishleg.) 'â€" the Goblet will return the names of the three it has judged most worthy to represent their schools. The

Goblet will be placed in the Entrance Hall tonight, where it will be freely accessible to all student yields to temptation,' said Dumbledore. 'I will be drawing an Age Line around the Goblet of Fire once it has been placed in the Entrance Hall. Nobody under the age of seventeen will be able to cross this line.

'Finally, I wish to impress upon any of you wishing to compete that this Tournament is not to be entered into lightly. Once a champion has been selected by the Goblet of Fire, he or she is obliged to see the Tournament through to the end. The placing of your name in the Goblet constitutes a binding magical contract. There can be no change of heart once you have become champion. Please be very sure, therefore, that you are whole-heartedly prepared to play, before you drop your name in the Goblet. Now I think it is time for bed. Goodnight to you all.'

Hiccup quickly got up from his seat and made a small jog toward the Headmaster. He needed to clarify where he and his lot would sleep since their ships weren't made for actually sleeping in through for a while. Dumbledore only smiled and told the boy that he could join one the houses' dormitories since they had supplementary beds they could easily add. The one legged boy gave the man a thanks and went to join his Vikings friends who were following the Golden Trio.

'An aged line!' Fred Weasley said, his eyes glinting. 'Well that should be fooled by an Ageing Potion, shouldn't it? And once your name's in that Goblet, you're laughing â€" it can't tell whether you're seventeen or not!'

'But I don't think anyone under seventeen will stand a chance,' said Hermione, 'we just haven't learnt enoughâ€|'

'Speak for yourself,' George said shortly. 'You'll try and get in, won't you Harry?' The said boy didn't answered but by the dreamy look in his eyes, it was evident he was thinking about all the glory and fame he would get if he was in it. But the dream quickly evaporated as a look of fright climbed into his features â€" thinking how angry Dumbledore would be if someone under the age limit found a way to cheat over the line.

'Where is he?' Ron said as he scanned the area, wanting to know where Krum was. 'Dumbledore didn't say where the Durmstrang people are sleeping, did he?'

'Speaking about that, d'you mind if we stick up to you guys and you scoop a little place for a few Vikings in your dormitories?' asked Hiccup. The Gryffindor students glared at him in confusion as they heard Professor Karkaroff say;

'Back to the ship, then.'

'Don't you have, likeâ€| _three_ ships you can go inside and sleep?' Ron inquired.

'The ships are made for supplies, not for sheltering people.' Astrid replied with a sigh. Two weeks being stuck inside a boat with dragons that could burn up the wood at any moment wasn't actually a good place to restâ€| So sleeping a year inside a ship was something they couldn't think as ideal.

'It's absolutely alright for you guys to join us!'' Hermione said excitedly, almost jumping in joy, though it stopped quickly as she heard the sound of metal clicking against the rocky ground. She looked down and gasped as she saw the prosthetic leg of the Heir of Berk. 'Hiccup! Your!'

'Oh that? Lost my leg a few years ago, no big deal,' he said with a shrug.

'How did you lost it?' Harry asked.

'That's a very long story plus " ' Hiccup stretched his arms above his head, 'I'm too tired to tell it.'

'Is it because of the raids?' Ron asked. The Heir of Berk frowned at the question. '_So they did hear me mentioning the raids sooner,'_ he thought.

'Not actually but it's linked to it in a way.' He replied and the Golden Trio knew that it was all they would get from him for now. Not a single drop of information would be added in the vase that night.

Harry stopped walking as he let the Durmstrang lot passing the doors before him.

'Thank you,' said Karkaroff carelessly with a brief glance at him.

And then he froze. He turned his head at back at the boy at stared at him, his eyes wide open in disbelief. His dark eyes moved slowly upwards Harry's face, until it reached his forehead, exactly where the lightning scar was. The Durmstrang students were glancing at Harry and looks of comprehension grew on their faces as they spotted the tiny detail their Headmaster was glaring intensely at.

'Yeah, that's Harry Potter,' a growling voice said behind them. Professor Karkaroff spun around and was met with Professor Moody, who was leaning heavily on his staff, his blue eye glared without blinking at the man. A look of fear and furry climbed on the man's face.

'You!' he said harshly, though his eyes said he could barely believe it.

'Me,' retorted back Moody. 'And unless you've got anything to say to Potter, Karkaroff, you might want to move. You're blocking the doorway.'

His last statement was true; half of the students in the Hall were now waiting behind them, trying to see what was blocking the passage. The Durmstrang Headmaster said nothing and swept away with his students.

'What was all that up to?' asked Ruffnut. Harry sighed, there was a long explanation coming up to tell the Vikings.

* * *

><p>Alright

First, you have to watch "HTTYD: Legend of the Boneknapper" to understand the reference I did about the hammer head yak and whale.

Second, as much as I would have loved to have written it... I didn't made an interaction between the twins. Too many things happened in that chapter and if i had added it now, it would have been over whelming. But don't worry, I'll do it in next chapter!

And yes, I ship Hiccup with Astrid, you'll see a bit of fluff between those two lovebirds soon enough

and to answer dawn2halen:

_Well, it's gonna take a little while before we see Toothless in action AND to let the Golden Trio know about Hiccup's talent - bear with me, I SO want to write it just now! And of course I'kl put our favourite dragon trainer in action in front of the whole crowd! Thank you so much for appreciating this story! It warms my heart! _

_blah blah blah like & review if y'all liked it blah blah
blah_

Next chapter double trouble with the twins, the friendship between Hiccup and the Trio plus the selection of the champions.

4. Dragons & Feast

_Hey I just had like an illumination 'cuz like I kept asking myself '_why do we say 'Hicstrid' doesn't it soundsâ€¦ weird?''_ So I tried a new fusion of their names and it gave Ascup (Ass-cupâ€¦ haha, see the pun?) My questioning period was over._

_I learned that Vikings are originally from Norway sooooooooooooo I decided to transplant this idea here. Berk is a tiny island close to Norway SO Hiccup and the others speak originally Norwegian.

_

''Normal Speech''

''**Norwegian Speech''**

* * *

><p>Harry Potter and the Dragon
Tournament_

**Chapter 4**

**Dragons and Feast**

''Harry, wake up!''

Harry cracked his eyes open as he felt weight shaking his shoulders intensely. He blinked a few time and saw his best friend staring at him, his eyes wide open. He frowned. It was still dark outside and the clock near his nightstand was indicating that it was one in the morning.

'What is it Ron?' grumbled the Boy-Who-Lived.

'D'you hear that?' he asked. Harry stopped breathing for a second and his ears picked up a sound of growling coming from the common room. He sat up and looked at his red haired friend. He could have sworn it sounded inhumaneâ€¦ it sounded almost like a beast. He scanned the area and took notice that all the other boys were sleeping but only two beds were empty. The one of Ron and Hiccup. The two boys grabbed their wands â€" and glasses for Harry â€" and headed downstairs.

With each step they took, the growls became louder and louder. It quickly became evident to these two young wizards that whatever animal that was making the sound was on the couch in front of the fireplace. They exchanged a look and quickly walked around the said couchâ€¦

Only to find a snoring Hiccup

Harry and Ron relaxed and allowed themselves from breathing once more. The Heir of the tribe shifted on his 'bed' and sighed. It was strange how he looked less intimidating with all his armor taken off. He still had the stature of someone who worked out a lot but it was less built up without all the metal and leather on him.

'He sure can snore,' muttered the red haired boy in disbelief. Harry rolled his eyes and shook the boy's shoulder.

'**TannlÃ,s, la meg sÃ,vn knoppâ€¦' ** mumbled Hiccup in a foreign tongue. The two boys exchanged a confused look between each other. _Who was TannlÃ,s? _Well, at least it sounded like a name to them, unless it was just a word in a sentence.

'It's Harry,' the Boy-Who-Lived said and tried once more to shake him up, though more violently. This time it got his attention â€" slightly â€" and he opened his eyes. 'Hi,' Harry said.

'Why are you sleeping on the _couch_?' Ron asked.

'It felt like the bed would swallow me whole if I lied down on it,' he said as he sat up and waited for the two teenagers to explain why they woke him up so soon. The red haired teen scratched his cheek as a frown grew on his features.

'What the heck d'you mean â€"'

'Well it's okay, I guessâ€¦' cut Harry in a more diplomatic way. 'You can sleep hereâ€¦ if you prefer?' He offered with a tiny smile. Hiccup nodded and rubbed his eyes, sleepiness still present in his brain.

'**Greit,**' he yawned.

'Okay, soâ€¦ we'll go back upstairs, g'night,' Harry said. He grabbed his best friend's arm and directed him toward their room.

'Night guys,' Hiccup mumbled before he hit the hay once more. The two boys looked at each other and they knew exactly what they were

thinking.

That guy was the definition of bizarre.

~...~...~...~...~...~...~

The next morning was quite boring for Hiccup.

Like usual he woke up almost at the same time the sun started rising up. Though, unlike at Berk, he didn't went outside and flew with Toothless " wouldn't risk getting seeing before the tasks, right? He got himself comfortable on the couch, took out his traditional leather bound notebook and started doodling in it. Hiccup normally wouldn't draw in front of his friends " mostly his cousin Snoutlout who'd probably tease him about it until the end of the world happen " but he did a few times. For instance when he and the others started to work on the Dragon Manual for teaching the other Vikings how to train a dragon and they needed to know what the creature looked like. Or he usually designed new saddles and useful items for the riders. But outside that it was more personal. For example, now, he was completely wrapped into the portrait he was doing of Astrid. Maybe he could give it to her when he was done" ? It was tempting but at the same time he felt that he should keep it. _'Meh, I'll think about it when I'll be done with it,'_ he thought as he continued to draw the hair. His mind slowly drifted off somewhere else while his pen kept defining the details.

The conversation he had yesterday night about who Harry Potter truly was not something he was expecting. A baby of six months old was able to fight off the most dangerous wizard they ever knew " the name was Voldysomething " seemed to be a story as far fetch as the tale of the Boneknapper Gobber told him. Though, the lightning scar on the Boy-Who-Lived's forehead was already a proof among others, apparently. _'They're wizards" I guess everything is possible with them,'_ he thought with a sigh. Hiccup looked at the window and took in note that he should talk to Dumbledore about the matter of feeding their dragons and where they could go. He couldn't keep them stuck inside a ship for Thor's knew for how long!

Though he didn't knew where the headmaster was located in the castle.

'_Oh that's just great,'_ he thought bitterly. The boy would be lying if he said he was happy to the idea of being inside a huge castle filled up with hormonal teenagers. In fact, he would prefer much more to be at Berk with Toothless and the others, thank you very much. But here he was, inside Hogwarts, stuck on unknown grounds with people talking with a ridiculous accent and brandishing their wands everywhere whenever they could. He could understand their English or else he wouldn't be able to talk to the merchants who passed by Berk, but the way they spoke it here was completely new for him. Thus" there were foreign dragons here and it was _killing_ him to not see them. So he was stuck to take part in taking care of a tournament if he wanted to see and learn about them.

Yay

' 'Wow, you're good at drawing!' ' said a little voice behind him. The teen quickly closed the opened notebook resting on his laps and spun around. Hermione was looking over his shoulder at the leather book he

had between his hands.

'I, huhâ€¦ thanks?' he said hesitantly. She skirted around the couch and sat beside him.

'You were drawing that girl from your group, Astrid, right?' Hermione asked with a smile. Her eyes clearly screamed something along the lines of '_you like her, don't you?' _Hiccup bit the inside of his cheek, and here he thought it was obvious the link going on between him and her.

'Well, yeah,' he scratched the back of his neck as he felt slightly awkward. Not that he was ashamed of being in a relationship with Astrid, on the contrary, it was one of the _best_ thing in his life but talking about relationships only reminded him of the conversation he got regularly with his father. Marriage. Marry soon a woman and become the chief of the tribe, that was the typical speech he would get but, hey: he didn't wanted to push anything. May Odin have a bit of _patience_ with him! He still wanted to have a bit of freedom left before living up all the responsibilities and duties he had to stand up for. His green eyes scanned the area and spotted the girl they were just talking about.

'Good morning, milady,' he said with his typical toothy smile.

'**Morgen,**' the blond Viking sat beside Hiccup after greeting both of them and stuffed her hands in his hair.

'Ow! Could you _not_ pull!' Hiccup requested with a cringe on his features.

'Oh, stop whining,' Astrid replied boldly as she separated a short lock of hair in three and started braiding it expertly. The boy frowned, he knew that whenever she came to see him and started braiding his hair it was because she was upset about something though he couldn't think why she would be at the moment.

'**Something's on your mind?**' he asked in his natal language. The girl bit her lips and tied the first braid with a red leather band before starting another one under his right ear.

'**I've been thinking all night andâ€¦ I don't think it was a good idea to â€" ** Astrid quickly glanced at the bushy haired girl before continuing, **'-leave Stormfly and the others inside the ship.'** She said, they both knew that even though they were talking in another tongue, they had similarities for a few words with English â€" for example _dragon_ in their language was _drage_ though depending on how they said it would easily be heard as the English way. Which was making the work harder for them. She finished the second one and tapped softly the back of Hiccup, signaling him that she was done for now â€" it was a two braids problem. Meanwhile, Hermione was frowning, the gears in her head were spinning like no tomorrow to understand in what language the Vikings were speaking.

The bushy haired girl remembered reading a book when she was younger about the great Vikings, supposedly, their origin was from Norway, so of course it wouldn't be dumb to assume that they were speaking in Norwegian.

''**You know, I've been thinking exactly the same thing but I don't know where we could let them be without... you know, spoil everything,''

''** Hiccup replied, his hand on Astrid's shoulder. He glanced at Hermione " who was studying them silently. _'Well, maybe she could help,'_ he wondered. ''Hermione, do you know where I have to go if I want to talk to Dumbledore?'' Hiccup asked. The said girl slightly jumped at the attention directed toward her but quickly recomposed herself.

''I " yes I do know. If you want, I'll show you where to go.''

Hermione said happily as she stood up. A few second later, Ron and Harry came down from the boy's dormitories, shortly followed by Snoutlout, Fishleg and Tuffnut " Ruffnut quickly joined the party in the common room afterward. The teens separated themselves, the two boys would join the Vikings while the bushy haired girl would take Hiccup and Astrid to Professor McGonagall who would direct them to the headmaster. Luckily for them, the teacher wasn't too hard to find since she was keeping an eye out on the students messing around the corridors.

''Professor McGonagall!'' called Hermione.

''Good morning, Mrs. Granger,''

the teacher said politely, her lips forming a tight line.

''Yes, hum, Hiccup wanted to talk to Professor Dumbledore and I thought it'd be better if it were you who showed him,''

she explained. Professor McGonagall slightly frowned at the familiarity the girl was showing to the Vikings but let the matter go. As long as she and her two friends didn't forced answers out of them about the tournament, she hoped.

''Very well,''

she said with a nod. ''You should join your friends, Miss Granger, I'll take the lead.''

Hermione quickly gave a thank you at the teacher and left. ''Follow me,''

Professor McGonagall said before leading them toward the office of Dumbledore. ''May I ask what is it you seek from the Headmaster?'' The two Vikings glanced around them, assuring themselves that no students was too near of them and might hear too much.

''It's about the dragons,''

Hiccup said. ''I just want to confirm a few things about their wellbeing before the tasks starts.''

The transfiguration teacher nodded silently and kept walking.

To say in the least, the inside of the school was something. The paintings were moving and talking " a potion could bring unanimated objects to life, apparently, from what Hermione explained the night before. The stairs moved and some were holes while others were invisible. The armors would twitch and move at few times, ghosts would pass through the walls and speak nonsense while gliding in the corridors. A little bit more and Hiccup would bet his armor that doors could appear and disappear whenever it felt like it. It was captivating but at the same time, the two Vikings would be lying if they didn't doubt if they had spent too much time around dragon nips a started hallucinating half of it. Though, the way that Professor McGonagall walked around, dodged the invisible stairs and holes and barely paid attention to how the paintings where moving, they came to the conclusion that _maybe_ they weren't crazy.

Maybe

They ended up in front of a large statue representing a bird â€" probably an eagle, said Astrid â€" and they all waited for a second.

'Lemon drops,' Professor McGonagall said suddenly, a grimace on her face. The duo frowned and shared a look. Why would she say something this random? Their question was quickly answered as a stairway appeared right where the statue was a few second ago. The teacher spun around, send them a look between politeness and bitterness, 'follow the stairs and you'll get to his office.' She explained before bidding them a good day and left silently. The two Vikings exchanged a look before following the instruction she gave them. Hiccup knocked three times on the door and heard a calm 'come on in,' before opening the door.

The room was large and round. Multiple gadgets made of silver and other materials were displayed almost on every surface inside the room and an enormous quantity of books was resting in the bookshelves on the walls. At the center of the room, the old headmaster was sitting on a comfortable chair behind a large black desk. He was smiling at the duo who was taking in all the details of the room. Never in their life had they seen so many odd looking objects, everything was exotic and foreign. His hands twitched slightly, he _so_ wanted to touch the objects and analyze the complexity of them â€" curse his blacksmiths bad habit! And he would never admit it in front of Astrid or anyone else, but he kind of liked everything that was made of silver â€" heck, everything he worked with at Gobber's workshop was made of iron and if he was lucky, it was sometime made of silver. So seeing so many gadgets made of the precious metal made him fell slightly excited.

Slightly

'May I help you with something?' Dumbledore asked. Hiccup quickly got out of his little stupor and scratched the back of his neck.

'Yeah, ah, I wanted to know, for our dragons, you knowâ€¦ we can't just keep them under the roof of a ship, especially when it's made of wood. So where could we put our dragons without the students seeing them? And about the foreign ones, when will they be here?' Dumbledore stayed silent for a while and stood up.

'Well, you could always bring them inside the forest, since it's out of bounds for the students, only you and the staffs could see them,' proposed Dumbledore. The two Vikings nodded in approval, it seemed to be a good spot. It was vast enough for them and away of prying eyes. 'And the other dragons should be brought here in no longer than two days.'

'That's perfect, and one last question: where do we go for supplying their food?'

'For this you should go see Hagrid, he's the gamekeeper and the teacher of magical beasts. He should be at his cabin near the Forbidden Forest. He'll be more than happy to help you, Hiccup,' the headmaster said. Just then the door opened and none other than Professor Moody entered the room, his traditional grumpy look on his

face and his blue eye spun in every direction. Hiccup and Astrid exchanged a look after seeing the odd looking man. They had seen a lot of people with prosthetic and scars but never, ever in their life had they seen someone looking this disturbing. ''Ah, Alastor, '' Dumbledore said in a lighter note. ''You just arrived at the perfect time, I happen to be in need of a favor.'' The one legged man nodded, his eye analyzing the two Vikings in silence. He walked closer to the Headmaster, exchanged a few hushed words and they both send a glance at the two young adults. ''Professor Moody will accompany you for directing the dragons towards the forest. We don't want the students to see them, don't we?'' he added with a smile. Hiccup gave a thank before following Alastor outside of Dumbledore's office.

To say in the least, walking in the corridors with the wooden legged teacher was more than awkward. The man was ridiculously silent, his eyes kept scanning his environment, almost as if something would appear out of nowhere and attack him. And it was making the two Vikings incredibly uncomfortable. Though the feeling of uneasiness was quickly replaced when they heard a scream coming from the Great Hall. They all hurried to the doors, only to see Snoutlout panicking with a three meters tongue coming out of his mouth.

''Snoutoult?!'' Hiccup asked in disbelief. The said boy turned to see who called him and his eyes became wide open.

''ON' OOK A MEH!'' He screamed hysterically in a mix of English and Norwegian before running away, shortly followed by the two blond twins who were howling in laughter. The students inside the Great Hall were all snickering but quickly forced themselves to stop when they saw that the Viking Leader was standing just there, in complete confusion.

''Wh æ€" ''

''Bloody teenagers, '' Alastor said roughly before he kept walking towards the ships. The duo exchanged a worried glance but said nothing as they kept following the odd man. They were wizards, maybe it was something normal? Well, at least they hoped or else they would be forever stuck with a three meters long tongued Snoutlout. When they got outside, the chilly wind of October met their skin and their breath came out as little puffs of steam. ''Quite the feat to conquer dragons, Mr. Haddock.'' Alastor said suddenly. Hiccup frowned at the mention of controlling these creatures. He chewed the inside of his cheek for a second, thinking how to formulate a reply that wouldn't sound too impolite in English.

''I don't conquer them, I train them, '' he corrected. He only got a grumble as an answer but he shrugged it off as they came in front of their biggest ships. ''Let's get to business, '' Hiccup muttered before he and Astrid got inside the biggest boat, shortly followed by Professor Moody. Astrid left Hiccup's side and walked with confidence towards a blue scaled dragon that oddly reminded the professor a parrot, with the beak similar to a bird. Though, it was if he didn't include the sharp teeth, the razor claws and the horn on its head. His electric blue eye scanned even more the beast and was abashed to see that even though it was already heavily armed, the tails was covered in spines, they were subtle but visible enough to intimidate someone easily. The girl softly petted the dragon with affection, a smile climbing her round face.

''**Hey, girl, ''** the Viking girl said affectionately. The parrot-like dragon made a sound strange mixed with a purr. **''You're not too hungry?''** it shook its head, its yellow eyes looking at her rider with adoration. The professor frowned, he didn't understand a single word they were saying. He was sure that all Vikings spoke English as their natal language, seemed like he was wrong. Professor Moody was about to ask the heir of Berk what she was saying but he didn't had time because a flash of black quickly moved in the shadow and jumped on the young man without making a sound. The ex Auror took out expertly his wand and pointed at the creature, in fear that it might have started eating the poor boy but he stopped aiming when the said victim started laughing.

''**Hey there, bud! You missed me?''** Hiccup asked happily â€" mostly relieved to speak something less complicated â€" as he scratched affectionately the jet black scales of the dragon on top of him. It gave a purr of joy and closed its eyes, clearly happy with the scratches.** ''Okay, Toothless, get off me.'' **He ordered and the dragon stood up and let the one legged boy crawled away from him. The creature pushed its head against Hiccup's leg, a soft growl escaping its throat and green eyes opened wildly in expectation**. ''Now's not the time to go fly, bud.''** Hiccup said with a cringe. He also wanted to go fly but he just couldn't right now. The dragon scoffed indignantly and pushed harder on the leg with the prosthetic â€" strongly enough to make him fall hard on his butt. The boy looked in disapproval at his dragon â€" who made a guttural sound that he clearly knew was Toothless' way of laughing â€" and crossed his arms. **''Fine! No fish for you!''** at this, the dragon growled menacingly at Hiccup and bare his teeth, his wings opened and he puffed his chest.

Professor Moody was feeling quite intimidated by the dark beast, though the boy was having none of it as he looked at his nails, completely not impressed.

''**Mmhâ€¦ If I take you out flying tonight, you won't complain? And add the fish, ''** Hiccup offered to the dragon. The animal's demeanor changed rapidly; it folded its wings, sat on its rear and its green eyes stared at him in approval. A purr escaped its throat as the creature bumped its forehead on the one legged boy's one who laughed heartily at the affection from his best friend. **''Alright buddy, time to move, we got to change your spot to the forest.'' **Hiccup send a sheepish smile at the confused professor, his hand kept scratching absently the chin of Toothless. ''They don't understand English, '' he explained before getting himself to work.

It took them most of the morning to get all the dragons inside the Forbidden Forest and feed them with the remaining supply of fish and chicken they had left aboard but eventually, the creatures were all comfortable and happy enough for the time being. The two Vikings gave their thanks to the Professor Against the Dark Arts and they parted away from him.

Hiccup and Astrid decided that with the remaining time left before the selection of the three champions, they would go see Hagrid and clarify the matter about feeding their dragons. When they got at the edge of the forest, they spotted easily the wooden hut. From what they had seen at the feast the night before, the half giant seemed to be a rather nice and soft person.

Hiccup knocked three times on the door and waited, hoping that the gamekeeper was there. Luckily for him Hagrid opened the door.

'Yer mus' be Hiccup, right?' asked the large man with a smile. The said boy took a second to take in the height of the man but quickly shook it off.

'In the flesh,' he said, 'ah, we wanted to ask you something about â€"'' Hiccup didn't get the time to finish his sentence since he and Astrid were rushed inside the man's hut and they came face to face with the Golden Trio.

'Come in! Come in! We were just about ter eat diner!'' Hagrid said joyfully his giant hands taking care of something that looked like a beef casserole. Hiccup send a look at Astrid, they both knew they just couldn't talk about dragons in front of students right now, but three awfully curious Hogwarts students were exactly sitting in front of them, eyeing them in confusion.

'You know, that is a great idea, but can we talk to you, Hagrid?'' Hiccup sent a glare at the three teenagers. 'â€| alone?'' he added. The half giant nodded and accompanied them outside. Meanwhile, the Golden Trio whispered between them.

'Why are they here?'' asked Hermione.

'And why couldn't they talk about it in front of us?'' Harry added.

'Do you think it might be about the tournament'' inquired Ron. They all exchanged a look and they all stood up, crept near the window and sharpen their ears.

'Whatâ€| needâ€|?' asked Hagrid.

'It's for ourâ€| no supplyâ€| They needâ€| fish and chickenâ€| no eel thoughâ€| hate itâ€|'' Hiccup said, though the wind was raging and the trio could only hear snippets of the conversation but it was enough to bring confusion to them.

'Alsoâ€| ship suppliesâ€| moved themâ€| forest.' Astrid added softly.

'For now todayâ€| okayâ€| tomorrow?''

'A'yt, I'll see what I can do fer yeh,' the voice became stronger. Harry, Hermione and Ron took it as their cue took rush back to their seat. The half giant man led the two Vikings inside the hut and resumed preparing plates.

'Thank you, Hagrid,' Hiccup said sincerely and sat next to Harry, shortly followed by Astrid. 'Soooo.. Excited to the Tournament?'' Hiccup asked to the teenagers. The teens nodded vigorously, their eyes shining in excitement.

'You wait,' Hagrid intervened with a large grin hidden under his massive beard. 'You jus' wait. Yer going ter see some stuff yeh've never seen before. Firs' taskâ€| ah but I'm not supposed ter say.''

'Go on, Hagrid!' Harry, Hermione and Ron urged him, but he just shook his head, grinning.

'I don' want ter spoil it fer yeh,' said Hagrid. 'But it's gonna be spectacular, I'll tell yeh that.'

'Thanks, we worked hard on it,' said Hiccup with a smirk. The trio looked at the Viking and they frowned, it was true that they were special guests and they weren't participating in the tournament like the other schools but from what they had gathered, they were a big part of it that year. Though, they couldn't put their finger on how they were actually involved into the wizard's world.

'I'll tell yeh that. Them champions're going ter have their work cut out. Never thought I'd live ter see the Triwizard Tournament played again!' Hagrid added.

They ended up staying for diner with Hagrid and the students "though they didn't eat much, the food looked a bit too weird for their tastes. The Vikings enjoyed seeing the teenagers trying to find out what the tasks were but the half giant would only shake his head and grin. They were also told that the two red haired twins had tried to enter their names into the goblet but they ended up with beards worthy of a Viking.

'Now that you mention it, we saw sooner Snoutlout running away with his tongue coming out of his mouth' Astrid said. 'What happened?' she asked. Harry and Ron started laughing and tried to explain about the candies the twins had been working on since summer time but they could only hold dear their ribs. Hermione scoffed.

'Fred and George gave to Ruffnut and Tuffnut magical candies and they pranked him.' She explained, though a small crack of a smile appeared on her face. The man had been flirting a bit with her that morning and it had made her feel quite uncomfortable, she could sort of say that karma hit him hard that time. The Vikings looked at each other and they knew that if the trouble makers of Berk were to get armed with magical candies, their village would be doomed if they ever happened to hide some in their bags before leaving. 'But don't worry, it can be reversed, by now he probably went to the infirmary.' The bushy haired girl added after she saw their look of pure worry.

'Hey, yesterday night, you said something in your sleep,' started Harry, his green eyes locked on Hiccup. 'Before we woke you up.'

'I did?' the Viking said, a frown climbing on his face. The red haired boy nodded vigorously, his mouth opening and closing by its own accord.

'Yeah, totally, it sounded like' huh' I don't remember all but you said something like 'Tanluss' or something like that?' Ron said, a look of pure confusion.

'You mean' tannl's?' Hiccup corrected hesitantly. Harry snapped his fingers and pointed at him a grin on his face.

'Yeah, that was the word! What does it mean?'

'Huhâ€|'' Hiccup looked at his girlfriend in distress, hoping she could save his ass that time, but she didn't. Her blue eyes clearly said '_you got in trouble, you solve it by yourself'_! 'It means, ahâ€| It means 'toothless'â€| it's the name of my petâ€| back homeâ€|?' he lied. He forced himself to not cringe. He knew he was a bad liar but now it was a torture, he couldn't just tell a few teenagers before the tournament that his pet was a freaking _dragon_!

'What animal is it?' asked Ron, his eyes shining with curiosity.

'It's a lizard, a big one!' Hiccup said. Bam, in your face fate! He wasn't telling the truth but he wasn't lying either! The two boys stared excitedly at the Viking while Hermione shivered.

'You got a lizard?!' she asked worriedly. Hiccup grinned, he sent a look at Astrid before returning his attention on the teens.

'Yeah! He got tons of them at Berk! Almost everyone has one!' The girl shivered even more, definitely not the type for reptile, and her friends started poking fun out of it. It wasn't often they saw her disgusted so easily about something. They laughed at the tease and they kept talking afterward until Hermione invited Hagrid to join something called S.P.E.W. though he refused flatly. Harry explained shortly to the Vikings that it was about giving rights to the House Elves and such, though Hiccup and Astrid didn't know if they should sympathize or not about the matter but it obviously got the heir of Berk's attention about magical creatures. The half giant and the one legged boy entered into a deep conversation about creatures and their wonders, leaving the trio abashed. Never, ever had they seen someone so into creatures like their giant friend before.

By half past five, it was getting dark and Ron, Harry and Hermione decided it was time to get back up to the castle for the feast â€" and more importantly, the announcement of the school champion.

'I'll come with yeh,' said Hagrid, putting away his darning. 'Just give us a sec.'

The man got up, went across to the chest of drawers besides his bed and began searching for something inside it. They all didn't pay too much attention until a truly horrible smell reached their nostrils. The two Vikings stifled a cough but said nothing, only a grimace clear on Hiccup's and Astrid's features.

'Hagrid, what's that?' Ron asked.

'Eh?' Hagrid said, turning around with a large bottle in his hand. 'Don' yeh like it?'

'Is it aftershave?' Hermione said in a slightly choked voice.

'Er â€" eau-de-Cologne,' said a blushing Hagrid. 'Maybe it's a bit too muchâ€| I'll go take it off, hang onâ€|'' He stumped out of the cabin, and they saw him washing himself vigorously in the water barrel outside the window.

'Eau-de-Cologne?' said Hermione in amazement. 'Hagrid?'

'And what's with the hair and suit?' added Harry in disbelief.

'Look!' Ron said suddenly, pointing out of the window.

'Would you look at that,' muttered Hiccup with a smirk, his green eyes looking outside.

Hagrid had just straighten up and turned round. If he had been blushing before, it was nothing compared to now. The trio cautiously got on their feet and peered through the window. They saw Madame Maxime and the Beauxbatons students had just emerged from their carriage, clearly about to set off for the feast too. They couldn't hear what Hagrid was saying, but he was talking to Madame Maxime with a rapt, misty-eyed expression Harry had only ever seen him wear once â€" when he had been looking at the baby dragon Norbert.

'He's going to the castle with her!' Hermione said indignantly. 'I thought he was waiting for us!'

'He fancies her!' Ron said incredulously and made another sarcastic remark before they all got up from their spot and left the wooden shack. Outside, they all saw the Durmstrang students leaving their ship and walked towards the warmth of the castle. The group weren't too far from them so they followed quietly â€" except Ron who was almost jumping up and down, his eyes glued once more on Viktor Krum.

When they got inside the candlelight Great Hall, it was almost full. The Goblet was now standing in front of Dumbledore's empty chair at the teacher's table. The Weasley twins were clean shaven and seemed to have well taken their disappointment for their tentative of being a champion. Snoutlout was once more normal, though now he was glancing at Ruffnut and Tuffnut with dirty looks while the two blonds look completely triumphant. And Gobber â€" who seemed to have vanished for the whole day â€" was sitting at the table beside Fishleg, his beady blue eyes glaring at the gliding candles with fascination. The Hiccup and Astrid joined their friends and waited for the Golden Trio to take a seat a bit further of them.

'**We took care of the dragons,' **Hiccup said to the Vikings. **'Right now they're in the forest, and in two days the foreign ones should be there.'** The members of his group nodded in acknowledgement.

'Mr. Haddock?' 'Mr. Filch asked from behind, his little eyes glaring at him.

'**Ja?' **Hiccup said without thinking about translating as he spun to see his interlocutor. Though it didn't seem to faze the man.

'I am sorry to interrupt you from conversing but the Headmaster had asked for your presence at the Teacher's Table for the sorting of the champions,' the caretaker said. The Heir of Berk nodded and took the same seat he had the day before, between Dumbledore and Madame Maxime.

The feast seemed to take longer than ever before. Mostly because it

was their second feast in two days and it was slightly too much, but it was also because the atmosphere was almost unbearable. All the students were hurrying to eat as much as they could in little time in an attempt to shorten up the wait for the discovery of the champions. But the speed of the wait was chosen by none other than the Headmaster of Hogwarts who took his sweet time to enjoy a good talk with Madame Maxime and his meal.

And finally, the golden plates were cleaned and the last of the sweet deserts vanished off the tables. All the noises died at a ridiculously fast pace and all the eyes were glued to the headmaster who got up from his seat. Professor Karkaroff and Madame Maxime were very tensed and excited while Hiccup was playing with the little golden spoon in his hand, he just wanted the feast to be over and go fly with Toothless. He didn't care who would be the Champions, he barely knew anyone here except Harry, Ron and Hermione. Ludo Bagman was beaming and winking at various students. Mr. Crouch, however, looked quite uninterested, in fact, he looked bored. Well, not as bored as Hiccup, but more stoically than the young leader.

'Well, the Goblet is almost ready to make its decision,' said Dumbledore. 'I estimate that it requires one more minute. Now, when the champions' names are called, I would ask them please to come up to the top of the Hall, walk along the staff table, and go through into the next chamber' he indicated the door behind the staff table. 'where they will be receiving their first instructions.'

He took out his wand and gave a great sweeping wave with it; at once, all the candles except those inside the carved pumpkins were extinguished, plunging them all into a state of semi-darkness. The Goblet of Fire now shone more brightly than ever, almost blinding the sight of a few and suddenly, the blue flames turned red and sparks flew everywhere. The headmaster grabbed swiftly the parchment and read it under the now once again blue light.

'The champion for Durmstrang,' he read in a strong and clear voice, 'will be Viktor Krum.'

A storm of applause and cheering exploded into the Great Hall as the said boy stood up, shook head with the headmaster and disappeared behind the door. The clapping and cheering quickly died down, all attention focused once more on the Goblet who turned once more red. A second piece of parchment shot out of it.

'The champion of Beauxbatons,' said Dumbledore, 'is Fleur Delacour!'

Once more the cheering exploded though the other French students took the disappointment more than bitterly. Two charming ladies of the group even started crying because they weren't chosen. '_Wow, that's classy_' Hiccup thought sarcastically. Fleur disappeared behind the door and the flames became again red. The Headmaster pulled out the third parchment.

'The Hogwarts champion,' he called, 'is Cedric Diggory!'

Many students from Hogwarts were unhappy that a Hufflepuff was chosen but most of it was drowned by the whole noises. The boy, Cedric, grinned broadly at his friends and headed off towards the chamber like the two previous champions. The cheer went for so long that it

was some time before Dumbledore could make himself heard again.

'Excellent!' the headmaster called happily, as at last the tumult died down. 'Well, we now have our three champions. I am sure I can count upon all of you, including the remaining students from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang to give your champions every ounce of support you can muster.'

'_gee! Finish the speech!_' though Hicup bitterly. '_I wanna go fly!_'

'By cheering your champions on, you will contribute in a very real â€" '

Dumbledore suddenly stopped speaking, and it was apparent to everybody what had distracted him.

The fire in the Goblet had just turned red once more. Sparks were flying out of it and another piece of parchment flew off the fire. The Headmaster automatically reached out and grabbed the piece. His sparkly eyes only stared at the name written upon it. The students stayed oddly in silence, not wanting to bring the elderly man out of his stupor. Eventually, Dumbledore cleared his throat and read out
-

'Harry Potter.'

* * *

><p>WOO! Another chapter done (6 559 words HOLY BALLS)! Maaaaaaaaaaaaaan that one was pure TORTURE to write! Hope the little mischief was good enoughâ€| for now. I know it's not really original but I just got inspired by the beginning of the book so I told myself, why the fuck not?

**Norwegiant helpy thingy:**

_**TannlÃ,s, la meg sÃ,vn knop**___ Toothless, let me sleep_

_**Greit**___ _ Alright_

_**Morgen**___Morning_

So yeah, next chapter: The Four Champions, Rita Skeeter putting her nose in the Vikings' business (maybe, tell me in the review if I should do an interaction between Hiccup and Rita, PLEASE), and maybe a bit more of Viking-ess involved.

Blah blah blah like & review if yeh liked blah blah blah

5. Four Champions

I'M SO SO SO SO SO SORRY IT TOOK ME FOREVER TO UPDATE GUYS! (had a LOT of shits in my life to deal with latelyâ€|.)

I hope a 8k words chapter would suffice for nowâ€| I hopeâ€|

I've been working so hard on this chapter and I'm never satisfied with the results but hey! If I kept going on like that, there would never have been any new chapter.

BTW

Have you guys seen the new trailer?! OMG I've had tears in my eyes and I KNOW I won't survive 'til june! ;^;

the author's note will be a bit bigger at the end (I'll be answering questions from a few readers)

**IMPORTANT**: I decided that the interaction between Hiccup and Rita Skeeter will be deported to another chapter (after the first task) so don't panic._

ENJOY

****Harry Potter and the Dragon Tournament****

****Chapter 5****

****Four Champions****

Hiccup scanned the Great Hall, a frown on his face. The teachers were whispering in worry at each other while all the students stared at the Boy-Who-Lived. Harry became instantly white, completely frozen on his seat.

'I didn't put my name in the Goblet,' Harry said in a hush at his friends who stared blankly at him. 'You know I didn't.'

The boy was called once more by the Headmaster and got joined him in front. Dumbledore gave the piece of paper with Harry's name on it, not smiling at all and directed him towards the door. The teen sent a look of distress at the Viking friend sitting next to Madame Maxime and Hiccup gave his best encouraging smile at the boy but it only twisted into a grimace. He didn't understand much about magic but he knew about the Age Line the Headmaster put around the Goblet and he knew that Harry was obviously under seventeen. So how in Thor's name did the teen achieved to get his name pulled out of it? He had no clue.

Ludo Bagman quickly rushed towards where the champions were, leaving the teachers and the students on their seat, still in shock of the fact that Harry freaking Potter was chosen by the Goblet of Fire. The Headmaster finished his speech to the students about how they had to support their champions and dismissed them all to bed. Hiccup was about to leave and join Toothless in the forest for the promised flight but the Headmaster made him sign to follow him. He groaned internally before getting up and tail shortly behind the elderly man. After Hiccup were Madame Maxime, Professor Karkaroff, Mr. Crouch, Professor McGonagall and Professor Snape. They entered a smaller room with a huge fireplace and gorgeous living paintings on the walls. Ludo Bagman kept mumbling how extraordinary it was while Fleur Delacour looked insulted. The two other champions were confused whereas Harry appeared as numb as he was when his name got out.

'Madame Maxime!' said Fleur, striding over her Headmistress. 'Zey

are saying zat zis little boy is to compete also!''

Harry looked slightly insulted at the mention of his size. Well, Hiccup wouldn't lie, the teen _was_ tiny compared to the three other champions.

The giant headmistress had drawn herself up to her full height. Her head brushing the candle-filled chandelier.

'What is ze meaning of zis, Dumbly-dorr?' she said imperiously.

'I'd rather like to know that myself, Dumbledore,' Karkaroff said, a steely smile on his lips, exposing his dirty yellow teeth and his blue eyes glistened like ice under the light of the fire. '_Two_ Hogwarts champions? I don't remember anyone telling me the host school is allowed two champions â€" or have I not read the rules carefully enough?' He gave a short and nasty laugh. Hiccup scowled at the man â€" well, to all the people in the room. He felt like a ghost. Why was he supposed to be here? It wasn't his problem! Sure he was sort of a teacher â€" in a way â€" with the Dragon Academy back at home, but he wasn't teaching anything to anyone, even less taking care of a few teenagers about to get their arses burned during the three tasks! It was not in his department and he didn't sign up for this.

'_C'est impossible!_' Madame Maxime boomed insignificantly, her imposingly large hands resting on Fleur's shoulders. 'Ogwarts cannot 'ave two champions. It is most injust.'

'We were under the impression that your Age Line would kept out younger contestants, Dumbledore,' Karkaroff said, his smile still there but his eyes were colder than ever. 'Otherwise, we would, of course, have brought along a wider selection of candidates from our own schools.'

'It's no one's fault but Potter's, Karkaroff,' said Snape. His black eyes were alight with malice. 'Don't go blaming Dumbledore for Potter's determination to break the rules. He has been crossing lines ever since he arrived here â€" '

'Thank you, Severus,' Dumbledore said firmly, and Snape went quiet, though his eyes still glinted malevolently through his curtain of greasy black hair. The headmaster of Hogwarts looked at Harry â€" who looked right back at him. 'Did you put your name into the Goblet of Fire, Harry?' he asked calmly.

'No,' Harry said. The professor of Potions scoffed in impatient disbelief in the shadows.

'Did you ask an older student to put it into the Goblet of Fire for you?' Dumbledore questioned, ignoring professor Snape.

'Look, it's impossible for him to have put his name in it,' butted in a Hiccup who was on the verge of losing his patience. 'He's under the age limit and he was at Hagrid's place for the whole day.' The heir of Berk justified after getting questioning looks from the headmasters. Professor Karkaroff sneered at the Viking and levelled his nose up in the air, looking down at Hiccup.

'And what doesn't tell us that you put his name in the Goblet of Fire?!' the man asked arrogantly as he pointed an accusing finger at the one legged boy.

'Excuse me? I know nothing about magic. I wouldn't dare to mess with something that I know nothing about!' Hiccup said indignantly, his accent getting thicker with each words coming out of him. All the adults in the room sent him an unimpressed look, knowing exactly that he did tame a dragon when he knew close to nothing about those creatures. 'Okay, well, most of the time. But seriously, don't blame it on someone who can't do magic.' Hiccup concluded as he crossed his arms over his chest. The French woman scoffed and looked away from the Viking. '***Hva?!***' he snapped, switching accidentally in Norwegian. That was the other thing he was getting tired of. The wizards' 'hospitality'. Outside from the Golden Trio, most of the teachers and students would send dirty or disapproving looks at him and his friends for no apparent reason. Two days since he was inside Hogwarts walls and he already felt like going back home! Sure, Vikings were more brutal in their daily basis way of being with friends or strangers, but they still had manners! And they would never, ever be cold with guests, but hereâ€¦ What in Thor's name happened between wizards and Viking for this kind of coldness to intercept a normal interaction among them?!

'Nothing,' she replied coldly, not looking at Hiccup anymore. He opened his mouth to say one of his typical sarcastic comments but quickly shut it, deciding that maybe for now it should be wiser to stay silent. However, it didn't stop him from glaring daggers at the gigantic woman.

The teachers then kept bickering about the Age Line, the possibility of a mistake made by Dumbledore, the injustice in it and so on. The Heir of Berk stood in silence, fuming in irritation at the group of adult fighting about rules that didn't make any sense to him. He glanced briefly at the subject of the whole fuss and felt bad for Harry. The boy was pale and looked drained from all his energy. He looked as miserable as when Hiccup was given the 'honor' to kill a dragon in front of all the villagers; not the best time of his life. He brought his eyes back to the teachers when Professor McGonagall said worriedly:

'It's far too dangerous for a fourth year to participate!'

Hiccup scoffed. Hell, he tamed a dragon and killed the Red Death when he was fourteenâ€¦ and without magic! 'He'll be fine,' said the Viking. 'I was his age when I didâ€¦ you know what. And he got the advantage: he got magic when I â€œ' the Heir of Berk didn't get the time to finish his sentence when Karkaroff interrupted him.

'I insist upon resubmitting the names of the rest of my students!' The Durmstrang Headmaster had dropped his unctuous tone and smile. His face wore a very ugly look and his eyes were glistening with anger now. 'You will set up the Goblet of Fire once more, and we will continue adding names until each school has two champions, it's only fair Dumbledore.'

'But Karkaroff, it doesn't work like that,' Bagman said. 'The Goblet of Fire's just gone out â€œ it won't reignite until the start of the next tournament â€œ'

'- in which the Durmstrang will most certainly not be competing!'' exploded Karkaroff. ''After all our meetings and negotiations and compromises, I little expected something of this nature to occur! I have half a mind to leave now!''

'Empty threat, Karkaroff,' growled a voice from near the door. Hiccup turned his head to the new interlocutor and was sort of relief to see that it was Professor Moody. The odd man was sticking out like a sore thumb in a crowd but he was nice. After the morning he and Astrid spent with him for bringing the dragons into the forest showed them that Alastor was quite a character. ''You can't leave your champion now. He's got to compete. They've all got to compete. Binding magical contract, like Dumbledore said. Convenient, eh?''

Well that's just great. Hiccup didn't know too much about 'binding magical contract' but from the look of bitterness on everyone's faces, it was a big deal. And not a good one to add in it.

'Convenient?' said Karkaroff. ''I'm afraid I don't understand you, Moody.''

'Don't you?' Moody said quietly. ''It's very simple, Karkaroff. Someone put Potter's name in that Goblet knowing he'd have to compete if it came out.''

'Evidently, someone 'oo wished to give 'Ogwarts two bites at ze apple!'' said Madame Maxime.

'I quite agree, Madame Maxime,' said Karkaroff, bowing to her. The Viking rolled his eyes but remained silent. ''I shall be lodging complaints with the Ministry of Magic _and_ the International Confederation of Wizards â€"''

'If anyone got reason to complain, it's Potter,' Moody growled. ''butâ€¦ funny thingâ€¦ I don't hear _him_ saying a wordâ€¦''

'Why should 'e complain?' burst out Fleur Delacour, stamping her foot. ''E 'as ze chance to compete, 'asn't 'e? We 'ave all been 'oping to be chosen for weeks and weeks! Ze honour for our schools! A thousand Galleons in prize monmey â€" zis is a chance many would die for!''

'Maybe someone's hoping Potter is going to die for it,' Moody said with the merest trace of a growl.

An extreme tense silence followed these words.

'_Well, if you could put it that wayâ€¦'_ thought Hiccup uncomfortably. From what Harry told him, lots of people would love to get his head on a plate but to go through that much trouble seemed a bit too much for himâ€¦ And once more, he could understand â€" with all the things he had to deal with because of Alvin and Dagur â€" but what if Harry survived the tasks? Wouldn't really have worked out their 'assassination plan'.

Ludo Bagman, who was looking very anxious, bounced nervously up and down on his feet and said, ''Moody, old manâ€¦ what a thing to say!''

'We all know Professor Moody considers the morning wasted if he hasn't discovered six plots to murder him before lunchtime,' Karkaroff said loudly. 'Apparently he is now teaching his students to fear assassinations, too. An odd quality in a Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher, Dumbledore, but no doubt you had your reasons.'

'Imagining things, am I?' growled Moody. The bitterness in his voice sort of reminded Hiccup about that time Gobber talked about the Boneknapper dragon and all the villagers moaned in annoyance. 'Seeing things, eh? It was a skilled witch or wizard who put the boy's name in that Gobletâ€|'

'_Thank you for supporting my point!_' the Heir of berk thought sarcastically.

'Ahm what evidence is zere of zat?' said Madame Maxime, throwing up her huge hands.

'Because they hoodwinked a very powerful magical object!' said Moody. 'It would have needed an exceptionally strong Confundus Charm to bamboozle that Goblet into forgetting that only three school compete in the tournamentâ€| I'm guessing they they submitted Potter's name under a fourth school, to make sure he was the only one in his categoryâ€|'

Wellâ€| said like this, it sort of made sense to Hiccup. Of course the con-whatever charm the professor said was weird and confused him but, hey, magic is weird in his opinion. What was their problem with naming spells anyway?

'You seem to have given this a great deal of thought, Moody.' Karkaroff said coldly, 'and a very ingenious theory it is â€" though of course, I heard you recently got into your head that one of your birthday presents contained a cunningly disguised basilisk egg, and smashed it into pieces before realising it was a carriage clock. So you'll understand if we don't take you entirely seriouslyâ€|'

'There are those who'll turn innocent occasion to their advantage,' Moody retorted in a menacing voice. 'It's my job to think the way Dark wizards do, Karkaroff â€" as you ought to rememberâ€|'

'Alastor!' Dumbledore said warningly. Hiccup groaned internally, he hated the argument he was stuck in when he could just be flying but damn it was turning entertaining with the two men quarrelling almost like kids. Moody fell silent though still surveying Karkaroff with satisfaction â€" Karkaroff's face was burning red.

'How this situation arose, we do not know,' said Dumbledore, speaking to everyone in the room. 'It seems to me, however, that we have no choice but to accept it. Both Cadreic and Harry have been chosen to compete in the Tournament. This therefore, they will doâ€|' Hiccup grimaced, wizards were definitely not as stubborn or as brave as a Viking and they seemed to quit the matter too easily. The final decision left a bitter taste in Hiccup's mouth. Like, yeah, he wouldn't mind a few teens â€" soon to be adults â€" to risk their lives for entertainment, but for a fourteen years old kid without any

'battle' experience to join the party wasn't part of the plan. Though, he didn't count on going easy with any of the champions, nope, he got way worse than them, they could survive without any big damages. Been there, done that.

'Ah, but Dumbly-dorrâ€|''

'My dear Madame Maxime, if you have an alternative, I would be delighted to hear it.'

Dumbledore waited, but the gigantic woman did not speak, she merely glanced. She wasn't the only one, either, Snape looked furious; Karkaroff livid; Hiccup bitter and impatient. Bagman, however, looked rather thrilled.

'Well, shall we crack on, then?' he said, rubbing his hands together and smiling around the room. 'Got to give out champions their instructions, haven't we? Barty, want to do the honor?'

Mr. Crouch seemed to come out of a deep reverie.

'_Anytime now, just say whatever you got to say and I'll be good to go._' The heir of Berk tapped his foot nervously on the ground, his fingers twitching in irritation. He was tired of the whole charade and couldn't help but think how Toothless was going to be pissed at him for taking more time than he promised.

'Yes,' Barty said, 'instructions. Yesâ€| the first taskâ€|' He moved closer to the firelight, an ill look shadowing his features. Dark bags were beneath his eyes and a thing, papery look about his wrinkled skin made him look restless. 'The first task is designed to test your daring,' he told the champions, 'so we are not going to be telling you what it is. Courage in the face of the unknown is an important quality in a wizardâ€| very importantâ€| The first task will take place on November the twenty-fourth, in front of the other students and the panel of judges. The champions are not permitted to ask for or accept help of any kind from their teachers to compete the tasks in the Tournament.' Hiccup forced himself to not roll his eyes; well, the teens wouldn't be able to even perform the second task if he wasn't there! But hey; Vikings are dicks and shouldn't even be asked for help in wizard's opinion. They wouldn't even dare be friendly with them. Nope. 'The champions will face the first challenge armed only with their wands. They will receive information about the second task when the first is over. Owing ti the demanding and time-consuming nature of the Tournament, the champions are exempted from end-of-year tests.' Mr. Crouch turned to look at Dumbledore. 'I think that's all, is it, Albus?'

'I think so,' said the Headmaster, who was looking at Barty with mild concern. 'Are you sure you wouldn't like to stay at Hogwarts tonight, Barty?' Hiccup decided to ignore the rest of the conversation and get closer to a pale Harry.

'Still hanging there?' he whispered to the Boy-Who-Lived. The teen averted his green eyes toward the Viking.

'Wha- ohâ€| er, yeah, I guessâ€|' Harry sighed. 'How did I end up in this mess?' he wondered more to himself.

'**Jeg vet ikke**, but hey, try to think positive. You got free of

your tests at the end of the year, that's a plus in my book.'" Hiccup offered with a smile. It wasn't much of a comfort but it at least it made Harry cracked a smile.

'Professor Karkaroff, Madame Maxime, Professor Haddock â€" a night-cap?' said Dumbledore, dragging the one legged boy out of his little conversation with Harry.

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, unimpressed. _'Oh, because now they are addressing me as professor?_' Madame Maxime already left swiftly with Fleur Delacour, her arm around her champion, both talking very fast in French as they went off into the Great Hall. Karkaroff beckoned to Krum, and they too, exited, though in silence.

'Harry, Cedric, I suggest you go up to bed,' said Dumbledore, smiling at both of them. 'I am sure Gryffindor and Hufflepuff are waiting to celebrate with you, and it would be a shame to deprive them of this excellent excuse to make a great deal of mess and noise.'

'_And one more reason to get out of here fast before Toothless gets my head.'_

The two Hogwarts students walked slowly behind Hiccup â€" whose metal leg clicked against the rocky ground with every step he took. The Great Hall was deserted by now; the candles had burnt low, giving the jagged smiles of the pumpkins an eerie, flickering quality. Hiccup felt a slight shiver ran down his spine as his eyes glared at the floating candle jack-o-lantern or whatever they called it. He had heard about the meaning of the celebration but damn it was a weird tradition! And what was the deal anyway with all the creepy looking pumpkins?

'So,' started Cedric with a slight smile â€" catching Hiccup out of his wondering. 'We're playing against each other's again!'

'I s'pose,' said Harry. Though he looked completely exhausted and confused.

'Soâ€¦ tell meâ€¦' said Cedric, as they reached the Entrance Hall, which was now lit only by torches in the absence of the Goblet of Fire. 'How _did_ you get your name in it?'

'I didn't,' replied Harry for what felt like the tenth time. 'I didn't put it in. I was telling the truth.'

'Meh, willingly or not, he's stuck in it now,' deadpanned Hiccup. He dropped his hand on Harry's shoulder and offered a smile. 'I've got some stuff to take care of so if Astrid's looking for me; tell her I taking a ****flygning****. Don't ask me what it means, she'll understand.'

'Huhâ€¦ alright?' Harry said, although he really wanted to know what the word truly meant. For Harry and his friends, it was sort of frustrating that the Vikings would use words from their natal land nonetheless, he couldn't blame them. Even if Hiccup was â€" as far as he knew â€" the best in his group to speak English, he still had a strong accent whenever he talked, so Harry wouldn't fault him too much on that.

Hiccup nodded.

''**Takk**,'' He started to walk towards the exit of the building and waved a hand at the two students. ''Well then, **godnatt** to you guys''

And he was gone.

When Hiccup reached the camp they settled, a few of the dragons made joyful sounds at seeing him while others kept sleeping or doing whatever business. The one legged boy frowned as he didn't spot a familiar pair of acid green eyes around the camp. _'Where did that useless reptile w-'_ he didn't had time to finish that he was pinned to the ground by a mass of black scales and angry eyes.

''**Sorry bud, I tried to get out there as fast as I could!''
Toothless let a low growl similar to a grumble and let go his best friend. Hiccup quickly got himself off the ground and started installing the saddle on the back of the dragon. **''Man, you wouldn't believe how wizards can be assholes sometimes.''' Toothless growled in a menacing way. No one was allowed to treat badly his rider, no one! **''I mean, yeah Vikings are different from wizards, no place for arguing on that, but it's not a Thor-damned reason to treat us like we got the plague.'''** He let out a long sigh and fastened the fin tail on his friend while mumbling to himself;
''this is **_way**_** too much trouble for just a few foreign dragonsâ€|''** He patted lightly the tail of Toothless, a smile on his face. ''There ya go bud, ready for a flight?'' The black dragon gave his traditional gummy smile and skipped lightly until Hiccup was close enough to get on him. A few second later, they were as high as they could be in the dark sky.

-...~...~...~...~...~

The last few days were a nightmare for Harry. The majority of the school still thought that he entered his name for the Tournament. Unlike Gryffindors, though, the rest were unimpressed.

The Hufflepuffs, who were usually on good terms with the Gryffindors, turned remarkably cold with them. The Slytherin? Well, Harry was expecting a few nasty words from them, it would be no big surprise, though the Ravenclaw did. He had hoped that they would have find a bit of mercy and support him as much as Cedric but he was proved wrong as a few of them assumed that he was desperate for more fame so the tricked the Goblet to accept his name. Ron also refused to talk to him at any cost â€" which made it even more difficult for him to deal with all the trouble.

And the worst; the badges! God he hated those god forsaken badges! Wasn't he dealing with enough shit as it was? They _had_ to add the cherry on top of the cake! Though, he was glad that his new friends â€" the Vikings â€" were supporting him. From what Hiccup told him, he went to talk to his friends about the whole deal and his companions decided to take the same position as their leader â€" which Harry was grateful for. Sadly for him, most of the time, when he tried to spend a bit of time with his newfound friend, Hiccup was nowhere to be seen, the same for the other Vikings. And whenever he found him, he was mostly in the yard with Astrid, exchanging words quickly in Norwegian with looks of worry _or_ excitement â€" though he swore he saw them exchanging _The_ love-struck glance ever so

often. Or he was in the common room, sleeping. He had yet to ask the Viking what he was up to most of the time but a part of him already knew the answer: 'working on _stuff_'.

What was that '_stuff_' was beyond him.

Today, luckily for him, Hiccup was at the same spot in the courtyard, lying on the ground eyes closed and a lazy smile on his face. Harry sat next to him and poked the Viking in the ribs " which proved to be very effective as he sat up straight with a look of panic in his eyes and a hand covering the victimized area.

'Don't EVER do that again!' Hiccup said, his skin whiter than usual. The Boy-Who-Lived snickered and rested his hand on the grass.

'Fine, jumpy today, aren't we?' Harry said with a light smirk. The one legged boy let out a groan and lied back on the ground, his hands cushioning his head.

'**Du** have _no_ idea,' mumbled Hiccup.

'What's the big deal?'

'I had to deal with **en gjeng med idioter**. They can't deal with our _charming_ demeanor,' sarcasm was dripping in his voice but Harry didn't pay too much attention on it. After spending a bit of time with him, he learned to let the sarcasm and the snarky comments flow since the foreign man seemed to be _breathing_ that stuff instead of air. Hiccup let out a sigh. '**Hva** about you? Anything interesting with the fourth champion?'

'Ugh, _everything_ suck. The students are the same as always and Ron still doesn't want to talk to meâ€|'' He ran his hands in his hair and sighed.

'He still doesn't?' Hiccup asked, his eyebrow arched in surprise. He had given the two boys at least a few days before they would settle things right but he didn't expect them to still ignore each other. 'Have you, I don't know, tried to talk to him?'

'That's the thing! He doesn't want to know anything.' Harry exclaimed in frustration.

'That sucksâ€|'' Hiccup was about to add another comment but he stopped quickly when he saw Astrid nearing them. 'Hei, Astrid,' he smiled at her. The blond girl planted a small kiss on his lips and sat next to him. Meanwhile, Harry stared at them in disbelief, he never thought they were a thing. Of course he saw the signs of them being all touchy-feely romantically in love " erg, gross " but he didn't think they were a couple.

'So you guysâ€|'' he pointed at the smiling duo, 'are a thing? For how long?'

'Ergâ€|'' Hiccup squinted and thought for a second. 'This year's gonna be our fourth year together, right?' He asked Astrid, who nodded softly in confirmation. 'How are things with the **nybegynnere**?' The blond Viking let out an exasperated groan and rolled her eyes.

'''**Forferdelig**', they've lost of sight Nysjerrig again. SpitteBrann, Meech and BladVinge made a huge mess again,' she said with a grimace. Hiccup winced at the enumeration of Astrid and closed his eyes for a few seconds.

'And that's not all?' he mumbled.

'''**Nei'''

'''**Utmerket,' the Viking muttered sarcastically before getting up. 'Can't leave them alone for _five_ minutes without trouble followingâ€|'

'I take it you got to go?' Harry asked.

'Yeah, sorry, I need to take care of some stuffs.'

And with that, the foreign duo left the Boy-Who-Lived.

~...~...~...~...~...~...~

To say that Hiccup was pissed was an understatement.

It has been a few days since he met the dragonologists and to say that they made an impression on him was quite true. He felt truly insulted when he saw those men arriving, all proud of themselves with their dragons locked inside cages way too confining for them. Hiccup passed at least a good thirty minutes yelling some sense into their thick head about how to not make treat their dragons like wild beasts.

'_Have you gone mad?!' he yelled indignantly at the wizards. They seemed slightly insulted at the sudden outbursts and they all said nothing and glared at him in disapproval. 'How are you treating your dragons?!'_

'_We couldn't bring them otherwise,' replied a red haired wizard â€" which oddly reminded the Viking of the Weasley. Hiccup dropped his hands in the air and sighed._

'_There are other ways to bring a dragon from point A to point B! And you're only pissing them off by encaging them!'_

'_How do you want us to calm them down?! If we get near them we'll burn!' replied another wizard. At that point, Astrid was behind him and her hand was resting on his back in a reassuring way._

'_Oh by the name of Odin's beard! You don't know?! How were you even capable of forcing them into cages?!' exclaimed the one legged boy in annoyance. His prosthetic foot hitting the ground in frustration._

'_We cast a sleeping spell on them and then we put them in cages,' explained the third one._

'_**Sweet mother of Freyja,**__' he walked started pacing around the camp â€" though not too far from the wizards but closes enough to be near the dragons. He pinched the edge of his nose and a long sigh

escaped him. Toothless pushed softly Hiccup's back with his head and let out a tiny purr in an attempt to comfort his rider. The heir scratched without paying too much attention the black scales of his dragon. He was beyond angry with the wizards but at the same time " he realized " he shouldn't be because it wasn't everyone who approached dragons the way he did. Though, it didn't justify their approach with them like they were nothing. He averted his eyes towards the said sleeping dragons in the cages and took note how different they were from those around Berk. Their scales were faded and grey, sometimes there were a few hints of colorful scales but they were mostly gone " maybe they were in their shedding season. They were also skinny, as in lack of feeding, and he even spotted a few holes in their wings " luckily, not big enough to have them stuck on the ground forever. Hiccup let out a deep sigh and walked toward the closest encaged dragon._

'_Wh- What are you doing?!' the red haired wizard asked in worry, stepping closer to Hiccup. The Viking shrugged and took large footsteps around the cage, trying to locate the lock._

'_Trying to prove a point,' he said. He spotted the large lock, old and rusty, but strong enough to keep still whatever it could contain. 'You got the key?' Hiccup asked. The wizards exchanged words of worry, wondering how a simple boy could tame so easily a bloody dragon but by the look of confidence coming of him, maybe they could learn a few things from him?_

Sounds like a bad idea" After all, they all knew how barbaric Vikings truly were.

Though, the red haired wizard seemed to be thinking differently as he stood closer to the one legged boy.

'_We don't have a key,' Hiccup was about to snap but the wizard quickly shut him. 'We use magic,' he took out his wand to prove his point._

'_Alright, but before you unlock it, tell me" What kind of dragon is she?' He took out a small leather bound book hidden in his armor suite and took his pencil, ready to take notes of anything about the new dragons._

'_She's a Hungarian Horntail.' Hiccup wrote quickly a few words written in runes and dropped aside the book._

'_Perfect, unlock the cage,' with that said, the wizard quickly casted the Alohomora spell and quickly walked away, leaving all the grounds to the Viking and the slowly awakening dragon._

It yellow eyes glared at Hiccup and its spikes stood straighter above its head, showing to the tiny human the treat. He didn't blink and stepped closer to the grey scaled animal, his free hand stood in the air, showing no treat. The dragon jerked away and growled even more at him. Hiccup stopped himself of getting closer to it and took a glance at himself. He didn't have any weapon on him that could hurt the dragon " without including his tiny dagger that wouldn't even pierce its skin, and it smelled wood anyway which proved its utility for sharpening his pencils only.

_Oh wait" _

He glanced at the wizards standing quite far away from him and saw how they all held on their wands like a Viking would brandish around an ax. And what an idiot he was; he was still holding the god damn pencil in his hand! The one legged boy threw as far as he could his pencil all while keeping an eye contact with the imposingly large dragon. The slits in its eyes became bigger, less intimidating and took a curious step towards the strange human. His two hands were a barrier between him and the snout of the animal. Hiccup started to back away from the cage, allowing more space for the dragon to stretch its wings and then he felt it.

He felt the soft warm scales against his skin.

Hiccup smirked as the dragon pushed her face against him, a strong guttural purr escaping her throat, smoke coming out of her nostrils. He scratched softly under its chin and the animal closed its eyes in pure happiness. Now that the one legged boy thought about it, the dragon oddly reminded him of the Deadly Nadder, though in a bigger and meaner looking version.

''_Aw, you big girl,_' Hiccup chuckled as he saw the look of pure disbelief glued on the dragonologists' faces. He scratched more the dragon and she hummed softly. ''Soâ€|'' he darted his eyes towards the foreign 'dragon experts'. ''I think you guys should learn how to approach them without pissing them offâ€| What do you think?''_

Hiccup arrived at the camp and sighed at the sight of the mess in front of him.

The wizards were looking everywhere for Nysjerrig. He was a Changewing, a terribly shy one and yet, extremely curious, though it didn't stopped him from having this nasty habit of blending in the background just for the heck of it â€" especially when it was around the time to feed him. Although, he was asking for affection like there was no tomorrow when he needed comfort. Nysjerrig was a lovely dragon, troublesome at times, but he was very loyal.

Except at the moment, as he was scaring the poor wizards into making them think they lost him in the gigantic forestâ€| _again_.

Then came Spitfire, Meech and Leafwingâ€| Three Terrible Terrors and yet, they were reliable to their name. They were always messing around the camp, creating small fires at random places and pouncing on the wand welding humans just to entertain themselves. Luckily for the wizards, when the three Terrible Terrors noticed that their favourite perch â€" also known as Hiccup â€" finally arrived, they quickly left their little mischiefs and climbed on the one legged boy, quaking in happiness.

Meeta â€" a Monstrous Nightmare, was resting near a few trees, far enough to get some quality time alone, though her scales didn't hold the same purple shades she usually had and her eyes looked glassy. A soft low whine escaped her and Hiccup knew she fell sick. A strong sneeze escaped her and seconds later, the dragon was in flames. Oh _joy_â€| the next few days were going to be long and restless for Hiccup and he could already bid goodbye to his sleep hours. Taking care of a sick dragon was no rest.

Nightshade, a Vampire Dragon, was as innocent as she could be in day time " and thanks the gods for that! Though the wizards were slightly panicking when she was running between their legs like a little puppy would do, they had a tendency to think she would jump at them and suck their blood out at any moment. She would do it, when they were sleeping. Ava, a green Deadly Nadder, was looking at her reflection from the river, not too far from Stormfly. Vexic, a Poison Darter, was nowhere to be seen " even if his colorful scales were giving him away.

Happily for everyone, Skullwing, and imposingly large BoneKnapper was resting on a pile of bones and took a silent nap. Another stress was removed from Hiccup's shoulders when he saw that Hjernel'se was still in his enclosure.

Hjernel'se wasn't like the other dragons. He was a Brain Picker. Yes, Hiccup was able to _tame_ a brain sucking dragon. However he had to create a mask that could protect the mouth, ear, nostrils " in short, any ways that could reach the brain. It was useful, but Hjernel'se was still fed with animals brains and he still had this tendency to try sucking out the brain of anyone near him " including the dragons " so they were sadly obligated to put him in an enclosure (at least it was customised to be large enough for that tiny dragon to stretch its wings and fly distances).

The riders were spending time with their dragons, giving less to the dragonologists to worry about, but it was evident that the twins were on the verge of blowing up something with their Hideous Zippleback while Hookfang was taking pleasure to not listening to Snoutlout.

Hiccup sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

The coming days would be testing his patience even more than when he was at the academy back at Berk.

~...~...~...~...~...~...~

On the Saturday before the first task, all students in the third year and above were permitted to visit the village of Hogsmeade. Hermione told Harry that it would do him good to get away from the castle for a bit, and Harry didn't need much persuasion. Though he completely refused to walk there without his invisibility cloak.

'Why don't we go and have a Butterbeer in the Three Broomsticks. It's a bit cold, isn't?'' offered Hermione. 'You don't have to talk to Ron!'' she added irritably, correctly interpreting his silence.

The Three Broomsticks was packed mostly with Hogwarts students enjoying their free afternoon, but also with a variety of magical people Harry rarely saw anywhere else. Harry supposed that as Hogsmeade was the only all-wizard village in Britain, it was a bit of a haven for creatures like hags, who were not as adept as wizards at disguising themselves.

Moving through the crowd turned out to be more of a challenge for Harry with his Invisibility Cloak. Luckily for him, he was able to reach a spare table in the corner of the pub while Hermione went to buy drinks. On his way through the Inn, Harry spotted Ron sitting

with Fred, George and Lee Jordan. He resisted the urge to give Ron a good hard poke in the back of his head, he finally reached the table and sat down at it.

Hermione joined him a moment later and slipped him a Butterbeer under his Cloak.

'I look like an idiot sitting here on my ownâ€|'' she muttered unhappily though her face twisted into surprise as she saw the new comer in the pub. 'Hiccup!' she waved at the Viking and gestured him to come. The one legged boy pushed through the crowd and made his way towards the only familiar face in the pub.

Now that Harry took a good look at Hiccup, he saw how bad he looked.

Hiccup was wearing a simple red tunic with a brown trouser, a belt of leather accompanied with it and a jacket made of fur covered his arms. His skin was whiter than ever â€" his unshaved cheeks didn't helped him -, dark circles under his eyes and he was skinnier than what Harry remembered. Of course the man was tiny compared to any other Viking but damn now he could see the cheekbones now on his face. The worst of all was the grumpy look on his features. Hiccup never really seemed angry about anything â€" of course he could be bitter about a few moments but never had he seemed thisâ€|_exhausted_.

'Are you alright, Hiccup?' Hermione asked when he finally arrived. The heir sighed and sat on the chair right next to Harry and he pinched the bridge of his nose.

'No, not reallyâ€|'' he mumbled honestly, 'I've been lacking sleep lately and I can't rest for Thor's knows how long.'

'Why are you lacking sleep?'

'I've had things to work on for the first task â€"'' he rubbed his eyes and blinked madly a few times in a poor attempt to stay focus. '-and I've been told to take a day offâ€|''

'Thenâ€| why don't you go take a nap?' Hermione inquired worriedly. The Viking snapped his drifting attention back to Hermione and thought for a few seconds before answering.

'I got a meeting,' he deadpanned simply, his tired green eyes looking a bit more lively as he stared at something behind Hermione. She was about to ask with who he was have a 'meeting' but she decided to stay silent and follow the line of sight and see what he was actually looking at.

Not too far at the entrance, Astrid just came in, wearing only a blue tunic, boots made of fur and a coat of wool. Her golden hair that was usually tied into a complicated braid was simply attached into a low pony tail and rested on her shoulder, bouncing lightly with each step she took in the pub. Her blue eyes were also adorned with dark circles and she seemed almost as exhausted as Hiccup. Harry honestly wouldn't be surprise to see the other Vikings in the same state if the duo were this worn out.

The blond girl spotted her main interest in the local â€" in this

case; Hiccup " and quickly moved through the mass of people. She gave a tired smile at Hermione before giving a light kiss to the one legged boy's lips. They whispered a few hushed words in Norwegian, their eyes softening the more they glanced at each other. Hiccup got up from his seat and patted friendly the shoulder of the bushy haired girl.

'I'll go,' he smiled at her, 'and say hi from me to Harry,' he added before going to a free table a bit further with Astrid. They sat close to each other and they held hands, talking softly, and smiles adorning their faces even though they both looked on the verge of falling asleep on the other's shoulder.

'I didn't think they were _actually_ into a relationship' mumbled Hermione.

'They've been in couple for four years apparently,' Harry said before taking another sip of his drink. 'For a moment, I thought he was going to tell you what the first task was' he muttered, completely disappointed by the false hope he gave to himself a few minutes ago. But then again, he remembered how Hiccup told him about the stubbornness issues the Vikings had, so it wasn't surprising he wouldn't budge and tell anyone.

Hermione lapsed into thoughtful silence, while Harry drank his Butterbeer, watching the people in the pub. All of them looked cheerful and relaxed. Ernie Macmillan and Hannah Abbott were swapping Chocolate Frog cards at a nearby table, both of them sporting _Support CEDRIC DIGGORY_ badges on their cloaks. Hiccup and Astrid were at the back of the room, whispering words to each other's ear, silly yet very tired smiles scotched on their lips " and sometimes, a little kiss was shared between them. Right over by the door he saw Cho and a large group of her Ravenclaw friends. She wasn't wearing a CEDRIC badge, though; this cheered Harry up very slightly.

What wouldn't he have given to be one of these people, sitting around laughing and talking, with nothing to worry about but homework? He imagined how it would have felt to be here if his name _hadn't_ come out of the Goblet of Fire. He wouldn't be wearing the Invisibility Cloak, for one thing. Ron would be sitting with him. The three of them would probably be happily imagining what deadly dangerous task the school champions would be facing on Tuesday. Maybe Hiccup would tell them what he was actually working so hard on for the tasks. He'd have been really looking forward to it, watching them do whatever it was; cheering on Cedric with everyone else, safe in the seat at the back of the stands;

Nope, he was stuck to participate in the bloody tournament.

And from what he gathered, it was going to be intense if Hiccup was in _that_ state while working on the preparation of the tasks.

He wondered how the other champions were feeling. Every time he had seen Cedric lately, he had been surrounded by admirers, and looking nervous but excited. Harry glimpsed Fleur Delacour from time to time in the corridors; she looked exactly as she did, haughty and unruffled. And Krum just sat in the library, poring over books.

'Look, it's Hagrid!' said Hermione.

The back of Hagrid's enormous shaggy head " he had mercifully abandoned his bunches " emerged over the crowd. Harry wondered why he hadn't spotted him at once, as Hagrid was so large, but standing up carefully, he saw that Hagrid had been leaning low, talking to Professor Moody. The half giant man has his usual enormous tankard in front of him, but Moody was drinking from his hip-flask. It reminded Harry of his last class in the Defense Against the Dark Arts. Moody had told them how he preferred to prepare his own food and drink at all time, as it was so easy for Dark wizards to poison an unattended cup.

As Harry watched, he saw Hagrid and Moody getting up to leave. He waved, then remembered that Hagrid couldn't see him. Moody, however, paused, his magical eye on the corner where Harry was. He tapped Hagrid in the small of the back " being unable to reach his shoulder -, muttered something to him and then the pair made their way across the pub, towards Harry and Hermione's table.

'All right, Hermione?' Hagrid said loudly.

'Hello,' said Hermione, smiling back.

Moody limped around the table and bent down, Harry thought he was reading the S.P.E.W. notebook, until he muttered, 'Nice Cloak, Potter.'

Harry stared in amazement. The large chunk missing from Moody's nose was particularly obvious at a few inches distance. Moody grinned.

'Can your eye " I mean, can you "'

'Yeah, it can see through Invisibility Cloaks,' Moody explained quietly. 'And it comes useful at times, I can tell you.'

Hagrid was beaming down at Harry, too. Harry knew Hagrid couldn't see him, but Moody had obviously told Hagrid he was there.

The half giant man bent down, on the pretext of reading the S.P.E.W. notebook as well, and said in a whisper so low that only Harry could hear it; 'Harry, meet me tonight at midnight at me cabin. Wear that Cloak.' Straightening up, Hagrid said loudly, 'Nice ter see yeh, Hermione,' winked and departed " but not before waving a large hand at a sleepy Hiccup. Moody followed him.

'Why does he want me to meet him at midnight?' Harry said, very surprised. From the corner of his eye, he saw the two Vikings getting up and leaving the pub, giving a small wave at Hermione before disappearing into the crowd.

'Does he?' said Hermione, looking startled. 'I wonder what he's up to? I don't know whether you should go Harryâ€|' she looked around her nervously and hissed. 'It might make you late for Sirius.'

It was true that going down to Hagrid's at midnight would mean cutting his meeting with Sirius very fine indeed; Hermione suggested sending Hedwig down to Hagrid to tell him he couldn't go " always assuming she would consent to take the note, of course " Harry however, thought it better just to be quick at whatever Hagrid wanted

him for. He was very curious to know what this might be; Hagrid had never asked Harry to visit him so late at night.

Alright! The chapter's done!

_AND FUCK YEAH WE GOT SOME HICSTRID IN THIS CHAPTER _

*throw confetti*

AAAAAAAAAAW YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

So next chapter: Hella lots of dragons

Helpy thingy diddlydoo Norwegian diddlydoo vocabulary:

_**Hva **__ What_

_**Jeg vet ikke**__ _ I don't know_

_**Flygning**__ _ flight_

_**Takk**__ _ Thanks_

_**Godnatt**__ _ Goodnight_

_**Du**__ _ You_

_**en gjeng med idioter**__ _ A bunch of idiots_

_**nybegynnere**__ _ novices_

_**forferdelig**__ _terrible_

_**Spitte Brann**__ _ Spitfire_

_**Blad Vinge**__ _ LeafWing_

_**Nei**__ _ no_

_**Utmerket**__ _ great_

_**Hjernelse**__ _ brainless (yes, I named the Brain Picker
'Brainless')_

SO

QUESTION TIME!

_First: thanks __**barber477**__ for giving me a cue that the interaction between Hiccup and Rita should be believable, it helped me to adjust a few important details in my story so thanks you. Also, I know that there are a few grammar problems in my chapter *French is my first language* and I've spotted a few of them but I'll correct them after the story is finished._

_Second, again, __**barber477 **__(question from chap.3) __**:**_

_I'll be using more of httyd dragons in the tournament because they are more epic and they have more information than those in Harry

Potter because it can be easily resumed as ''wellâ€| this is a dragonâ€| yeahâ€| pretty much it.'' ALSO, the first task is the same as the book BUT the two others will be adapted for dragons and they'll be different._

**Dawn2halen:**

_Oh don't you worry, Harry will learn â€"epically â€" that Hiccup is a dragon trainerâ€| *huehuehue* _

**Tigerllover3000:**

Sadly, no, not any of the Berkians' names are going to be in the Goblet of Fire. Of course it would have maybe been a plan but it would be the wrong thing to do â€" in my opinion. And they'd be in so much more trouble than they already have with the relation Vikings-Wizards so I preferred not. Also, let's not forget this: they can SEE magic and interact with things with magical connections and stuff but they can't cast spells and all. Plus they would be 'cheating' since the Tournament involves dragons 98% of the time and they already know what the tasks are.

So that's pretty much it. (don't be shy to ask me things, I'll answer them in an A/N)

Blah blah blah like & review if you like it blah blah blah

PS: maaaaaaaaaaan, hiccup is 6 ft tall (and the tallest) and Snoutlout is the tiniest of the groupâ€| WTF IS GOING ON?!

6. Sorry and TEASER

**Alright, alright**

_**I know what you guys are going to sayâ€| **__WHERE__** was I, **__WHAT__** I was up to and **__WHY__** isn't that a bloody new chapter?**_

**Well, guys, the reason is simple; **

**I'm working my ass out at school, I've got a bunch of problems to deal with at home and with myself and also I'm having a hard time with that chapter â€|you got no idea how many times I was on the verge of saying ''fuck it'' with that fanficâ€|**

**But you know what make me keep working on it?**

**All of you guys**

**I get mails that said I got a new follower or a new fav of this story and it made me realise that, I got to do it until the end. So thanks guys to keep up with me for that, I know I'm stupidly slow and that a new chapter should already be on the go but hey; bear with me, I'm also raging as much as you guys.**

**Anyway, I've decided to let you guys have a few pointers on what I'm planning to do with that story (don't worry it's spoiler free!)) so here we go:**

There'll be MORE of this crossover after Harry Potter and the Dragon Tournament**.**_** Yes, you read right dears, Hiccup and the others will follow the adventures of Harry WHILE dealing with the troubles near Berk! (We both knows that I won't be able to finish this fic before the second movie (DUH!) and wellâ€¦ it'd be nice to add Valka and Draco in the whole deal don'tcha think? There'll be a lot of changes, lot of feels and there'll be two wars at the same time. You'll know when it'll happen.**_

**Another thing; to pay for the fact that I huhâ€¦. Am as slow as a snail for this chapter, I'm going to give you guys a TEASER of the oncoming chapter alright?**

**ENJOY!**

Chapter title: Boneknapper

[â€¦]

Hagrid led Madame Maxime around a clump of tress and came to a halt. Harry hurried up alongside them â€" for a split second, he thought he was seeing bonfires, and men walking around them â€" and then his mouth fell open.

Dragons

A great part of the ground was set into a gigantic camp â€" that oddly reminded Harry of an old tiny village in â€" and wherever he looked he only saw dragons. They were everywhere, of all sizes and colors! Among them, Wizards and Vikings were working around them, a look of awareness on their faces. He noticed that Astrid was near two bird-like dragons very similar, â€" one blue and one green â€" her hands scratching tenderly the scales under their chins. Gobber â€" who was almost always nowhere to be seen at school â€" had his upper body almost in between a massive pair of jaw, poking the teeth with his prosthetic arm that looked like a hook but thinner. The twins and Snoutlout were talking quickly in Norwegian, looking regularly at the dragons near them. One of them was green and had two heads while the other one was reddish â€"orange and gigantic. Fishlegs was resting on a log near a large fire camp, and by his side, a fat looking dragon with small purple pustules over its brown scales was sleeping heavily, smoke escaping lazily its nostrils. A few other wizards were near the fire, glaring warily at the sleeping dragon but nonetheless, they enjoyed their food.

A few men were looking everywhere near the trees, a look of panic and frustration flashing in their eyes. They kept repeating the same word over and over again; 'Nysjerrig!' Sadly for the poor wizards, nothing happened each time they kept calling whatever it was supposed to be. At one point, one of them crouched and held his head in his hand.

''_Ah man, he's going to be pissed when he'll be back!'' he mumbled nervously. ''Hey, Charl!'' The red haired wizard near the fire camp raised his head and stared at the man with patience. ''How d'we get that bloody Changewing? Been lookin' for him for almost thirty minutes! Could you lend me a hand?''_

''_Try to catch his attention, that's what he told us to do,'' he replied with a shrug before a tiny shriek leave his throat when a

very tiny pink dragon jumped on his shoulder, purring loudly. Not a few seconds passed, two other similar dragons jumped on his laps and rubbed madly their head against his belly._

[â€|]

**So yeah, more to come soon *hopefully***

**Cross your fingers guys, it's coming soon and OMG httyd2 is coming out in 25-ish days AAAAAAAH**

7. The Boneknapper

**Kill me if ya want, I know I took forever to release this diddlydoo pady wack chapterâ€|**

By the way;

_HAVE YOU SEEN THE MOVIE?! _

HAVE YOU?!

_I FUCKING CRIED DURING __**THAT**__ SCENE_

_FAHK U DREAMWORKS! WHO AVE U THE RIGHT TO DESTROY MY FEELS LIKE THIS, HUH?! _

I FELT LIKE JUMPING OFF A BRIDGE AFTER THE MOVIE

But heeeey! I got TONS of ideas for this fanfic since I saw dat masterpiece of a movie!

SO anyway, enjoy!

****Harry Potter and the Dragon Tournament****

****Chapter 6****

****BoneKnapper****

Harry walked silently outside the castle, his Invisibility Cloak over his head. He had one direction to go to and it was Hagrid's cabin that was softly illuminated by the tiny lights outside it. The inside of the enormous Beauxbatons carriage was also lit up and Harry could hear Madame Maxime talking inside it as he knocked on Hagrid's front door.

'You here Harry?' Hagrid whispered, opening the door and looking around.

'Yeah,' said Harry, slipping inside the cabin and pulling the Cloak down off his head. 'What's up?'

'Got summat ter show yeh,' said Hagrid.

There was an air of enormous excitement about Hagrid. He was wearing a flower that resembled an oversized artichoke in his buttonhole. It looked as though he had abandoned the use of axles grease, but he had certainly attempted to comb his hair â€" Harry could see the comb's

broken teeth tangled in it.

'What're you showing me?' Harry said warily, wondering if the Skrewts had laid eggs, or Hagrid had managed to buy another giant three-headed dog off a stranger in a pub.

'Come with me, keep quiet an' keep yerself covered with that Cloak,' said Hagrid. 'We won' bring Fang, he won' like itâ€|'

'Listen Hagrid, I can't stay longâ€|' Harry said cautiously. He had to hurry for his meeting with Sirius at the common room, he could almost hear the clock ticking in his head, reminding him about the rush he was in. 'I've got to be back up at the castle for one o'clock â€"'

But Hagrid wasn't listening; he was opening the cabin door and striding off into the night. Harry hurried to follow and found, to his great surprise, that Hagrid was leading him to the Beauxbatons carriage.

'Hagrid, what -?'

'Shhh!' Hagrid said, and he knocked three times on the door bearing the crossed, golden wands.

Madame Maxime opened it. She was wearing a silk shawl wrapped around her massive shoulders. She smiled when she saw Hagrid. 'Ah, 'Agridâ€| is it time?'

'Bong-sewer,' said Hagrid, beaming at her, and holding out a hand to help her down the golden steps.

Madame Maxime closed the door behind her, Hagrid offered her his arm, and they set off around the edge of the paddock containing Madame Maxime's giant winged horses, with Harry totally bewildered, running to keep up with them. Had Hagrid wanted to show him Madame Maxime? He could see her any other time he wantedâ€| she wasn't exactly hard to missâ€|

But it seemed that Madame Maxime was in for the same treat as Harry, because after a while she said playfully, 'Wair is it you are taking me, 'Agrid?'

'Ye'll enjoy this,' said Hagrid gruffly. 'Worth seein', trust me. On'y â€" don't go telling anyone I showed yeh, right?'

'Of course not,' said Madame Maxime, fluttering her long black eyelashes.

And still they walked, Harry getting more and more irritable as he jogged along in their wake, checking his watch every now and then. Hagrid had some harebrained scheme in hand which might make him miss Sirius. If they didn't get there soon, he was going to turn around, go straight back to the castle, and leave Hagrid to enjoy his moonlit stroll with Madame Maximeâ€|

But then â€" when they had walked so far around the perimeter of the Forest that the castle and the lake were out of sight â€" Harry heard something. Men were chattering and shrieking ever so often up

aheadâ€| then came a deafening, ear splitting roarâ€|

Hagrid led Madame Maxime around a clump of tress and came to a halt. Harry hurried up alongside them â€" for a split second, he thought he was seeing bonfires, and men walking around them â€" and then his mouth fell open.

Dragons

A great part of the ground was set into a gigantic camp â€" that oddly reminded Harry of an old tiny village in â€" and wherever he looked he only saw dragons. They were everywhere, of all sizes and colors! Among them, Wizards and Vikings were working around them, a look of awareness on their faces. He noticed that Astrid was near two bird-like dragons very similar, â€" one blue and one green â€" her hands scratching tenderly the scales under their chins. Gobber â€" who was almost always nowhere to be seen at school â€" had his upper body almost in between a massive pair of jaw, poking the teeth with his prosthetic arm that looked like a hook but thinner. The twins and Snoutlout were talking quickly in Norwegian, looking regularly at the dragons near them. One of them was green and had two heads while the other one was reddish â€"orange and _gigantic_. Fishlegs was resting on a log near a large fire camp, and by his side, a fat looking dragon with small purple pustules over its brown scales was sleeping heavily, smoke escaping lazily its nostrils. A few other wizards were near the fire, glaring warily at the sleeping dragon but nonetheless, they enjoyed their food.

A few men were looking everywhere near the trees, a look of panic and frustration flashing in their eyes. They kept repeating the same word over and over again; `'_'Nysjerrig!'` Sadly for the poor wizards, nothing happened each time they kept calling whatever it was supposed to be. At one point, one of them crouched and held his head in his hands.

`'Ah man, he's going to be pissed when he'll be back!'` he mumbled nervously. `'Hey, Charl!'` The red haired wizard near the fire camp raised his head and stared at the man with patience. `'How d'we get that bloody Changewing? Been lookin' for him for almost thirty minutes! Could you lend me us hand?'`

`'Try to catch his attention, that's what he told us to do,'` he replied with a shrug before a tiny shriek leave his throat when a very tiny pink dragon jumped on his shoulder, purring loudly. Not a few seconds passed, two other similar dragons jumped on his laps and rubbed madly their head against his belly.

`'Wan' a closer look?'` Hagrid asked Madame Maxime excitedly. The pair of them moved right up to the camp fire, and Harry followed. The wizard who had the tiny dragons all over him saw the duo coming closer and Harry realised who it was â€" Charlie Weasley. He got up from his seat, the dragons clutching for dear life on his clothes, and walked towards the two large persons.

`'Hey Hagrid!'` he greeted with a smile.

`'What breed you got here, Charlie?'` said Hagrid, gazing at the closest dragon â€"the fat looking one near Fishleg â€" with something close to reverence.

'Those,' he gestured to the three tiny dragons on him. The pink one was on his shoulders, the blue on his head and the green was resting in his arms. 'Are Terrible Terrors. That's a Gronkle-' a gargling sound came out of the said dragon. 'The two with Astrid are called Deadly Nadders. Those over there are Monstrous Nightmares, that's a piece of work, trust me, you don't want them pissed. They can set themselves on fire.'

Like he said, the purple Monstrous Nightmare " who looked slightly pitiful " let out a loud sneeze and its whole body was on fire, though it didn't seem to bother it that much. Not too long after, the fire died and the dragon closed its eyes and went to sleep.

A yap like sound came near the legs of Hagrid. Harry looked down and saw a tiny blue and purple scaled dragon armed with two front teeth, its tongue was sticking out of its mouth, and its yellow eyes staring at the duo with what looked like a crooked smile. Charlie backed away slightly at the sight of the harmless looking dragon but stood his ground.

'That's a Vampire Dragon| And over there,' he showed the big enclosure near a large tree. 'It's a Brainpicker, this is a Hungarian Horntail "' Charlie pointed at a black dragon near Astrid. 'There's a Common Welsh Green over there, a Swedish Short-Snout, the blue-grey near the stream " and a Chinese Fireball, the red over there.' He gestured to the duo to follow him around the camp and they ended up in front of a gigantic pile of bones.

'That,' started Charlie with a grin, 'is the Boneknapper.'

The dragon seemed to be just a skeleton but as Harry took a better look at the creature, he saw the powerful set of wings of it. He could see the bits of flesh barely exposed under the armor of bone. Its eyes were still just open. Harry could see a strip of yellow beneath the eyelid.

Charlie pointed to a large green and blue sleeping dragon that was resting far off everything, 'and finally; that's a Poison Darter " don't get too close to him unless you're with Hiccup, he's a bit nasty with us unless he's around.' He let out a frustrated sigh, his eyes glancing warily at the said Poison Darter. The dragon growled lowly in its sleep; a few sparks accompanied with smoke left its nose.

'Speaking of which, where's Hiccup?' Hagrid asked as he scanned the camp ground. Charlie's eyes darted towards the sky, squinting slightly in vain as he tried to see something in the moonless sky.

'He should be here soo " '

He didn't get time to finish his sentence that a hideous ear-splitting wheezing sound was heard into the night. The gigantic duo covered their ears and looked everywhere around them, wondering where was the sound coming from, and suddenly, a flash of purple appeared in the sky before a ball of fire appeared above the trees as well as a silhouette flashed through the said fire. A few seconds passed and not too far from them, a soft thumping sound came.

Harry dared a glance towards the origin of the said sound and saw nothing but darkness.

A low voice mumbled a few incoherent words that were quickly followed by a purr, the clicking of metal and a chuckle. Not too soon after, a slim silhouette appeared from the shadow and a large figure was trailing whoever was coming. The stranger had an intimidating looking helmet made of leather and metal on his head and he wore a dark armor. He waved at Charlie and removed his helmet swiftly.

It was Hiccup.

'Talk 'bout the devil,' said the red haired wizard. The three Terrible Terrors left their perch and jumped on the new comer " though he didn't seem fazed at all by the tiny dragons on him. Hiccup reached the group and greeted the two giants.

'I didn't know you would come today, Hagrid.' Hiccup said with a grin. Hagrid laughed heartily but quickly started to stare at the black dragon next to him.

'I thought it'd be a good time ter pass by,' he said. Hiccup nodded and glanced at Madame Maxime; who was strolling away around the camp, gazing at the sleeping dragons.

'I didn't know you were bringing her, Hagrid,' Charlie said, frowning. 'The champions aren't supposed to know what's coming " she's bound to tell her student, isn't she?'

'Jus' thought she'd like ter see 'em,' shrugged Hagrid, still gazing, enraptured, at the dragon.

'Really romantic date, Hagrid,' said Charlie, shaking his head. Hiccup chuckled lightly and scratched behind the ear of the black dragon beside him.

'What's that dragon?' Hagrid asked as he stared with envy at the green eyes dragon beside Hiccup.

'Ah, ** TannlÃ,s** is a **NattRaseri**,' Hiccup said with a hint of pride shining in his eyes. 'I think you would call it a Night Fury in English, if I'm not wrong,' he added in a mumble to himself. Of all the names Harry had heard during the night, it sounded like it was the only name true to the beast. The dragon had a slim body but yet, he had strong muscles and his eyes held pride and intelligence like an eagle would. Harry would lie if he said he wasn't intimidated by the imposing dragon and he was seriously wondering how Hiccup, who " let's say it " wasn't the buffest man among the Vikings, was able to stand next to the winged reptilian, scratching its ear like it was completely normal to him.

But more importantly" Hiccup said that the beast's name was TannlÃ,s? Wasn't that the name of his pet back at his village?

'Fourteen" said Hagrid, 'so it's divided fer each o' the champions, is it? What've gotta do " fight 'em?'

'Nah, not fighting, they got to get pass them for the first task,' said Hiccup. 'We'll be there if it gets nasty. They have

extinguishing spells at the ready and I'm there to calm them.''
Charlie crossed his arms over his chest, a pensive look on his face.

'I'll tell you this, I don't envy the one who gets the Boneknapper. Vicious thing when he's angry. It's back end's as dangerous as its front, look.'

Charlie pointed toward the Boneknapper's tail, and Harry saw a large gathering of bones put together like pieces of a puzzle and other spikes were linked to the armor of the dragon.

'How's Harry?' asked Charlie.

'Fine,' said Hagrid. He was still gazing at the sleeping dragon.

'Just hope he's still fine after he's faced this lot,' said Charlie grimly, looking out over the camp.

'He'll be just fine, Charlie,' reassured Hiccup with a toothy grin. 'He could have gotten worse than just a few dragons to face off head first. And he also got magic to rely on. He's not like me on this case, truth be told.' His prosthetic leg hit the ground, proving his point to the two men in front of him. The red haired wizard nodded but still had a grim look on his face.

'That's true but stillâ€¦ I didn't dare tell Mum what he's got to do for the tasks, she's already having kittens about himâ€¦' Charlie imitated his mother's anxious voice. '_How could they let him enter that Tournament, he's much too young! I thought they were all safe, I thought there was going to be an age limit!_' She was in floods after that Daily Prophet article about him. '_He still cries about his parents! Oh bless him, I never knew!_'

Harry had had enough. Trusting to the fact that Hagrid wouldn't miss him, with the attractions of fourteen dragons and Madame Maxime to occupy him, he turned silently and began to walk away, back to castle. He had enough time to hear one last comment from the trio before he was out of range;

'That article seemed like a bunch of lies to me, the kid's got more guts than that.' Hiccup said.

He didn't know whether he was glad he'd seen what was coming or not. Perhaps this way was better. The first shock was over now. Maybe if he's seen the dragons for the first time on Tuesday, he would have passed out cold in front of the whole schoolâ€¦ but maybe he would anywayâ€¦ he was going to be armed with his wand â€" which just now, felt like nothing more than a narrow strip of wood â€" against a fifty-foot-high, scaly, bone-ridden, fire-breathing dragon. And he had to get past it. With everyone watching him. _How_?

But again, Hiccup said that he would manage just fine with the dragon. Yet again, from what he understood from the conversation he heard, he lost his leg because of a said dragon.

Harry sped up, skirting the edge of the forest; he had just ended fifteen minutes to get back to the fireside and talk to Sirius, and he couldn't remember, ever, wanting to talk to someone more than he

did right now.

The walk to the castle was interrupted when he ran by accident into Karkaroff. It took a few second to the man to shrug off the strange manifestation before he crept back under the the cover of the trees, and started to edge forward towards the place where the dragons were.

Harry carefully got p up to his feet and set off again, as fast as he could without making any sound, hurrying through the darkness back towards Hogwarts.

He had no doubt whatsoever what Karkaroff was up to. He had sneaked off his ship to try and find out what the first task was going to be. He might even have spotted Hagrid and Madame Maxime heading off around the Forest togetherâ€| and now all Karkaroff had to do was follow the sound of voices, and he, like Madame Maxime, would know what was in store for the champions. By the looks of it, the only champion who would be facing the unknown on Tuesday was Cedric.

Harry reached the castle, slipped in through the front doors and began to climb the marble staris; he was very out of breath be he didn't dare to slow downâ€| he had less than five minutes to get up to the fireâ€|

'Balderdash!' he gasped at the Fat Lady, who was snoozing in her frame in front of the portrait hole.

'If you say so,' she muttered sleepily without opening her eyes, and the picture swung forwards to admit him. Harry climbed inside. The common room was deserted, and, judging by by the fact that it smelled quite normal, Hermione had not needed to set off any Dungbombs to ensure that he and Sirius got privacy.

Harry pulled off the Invisibility Cloak and threw himself in an armchair in front of the fire. The room was in semi-darkness; the flames were the only source of light. Nearby, on a table, the _Support CEDRIC DIGGORY_ badges the Creeveys had been trying to improve were glinting in the firelight. They now read _POTTER REALLY STINKS_. Harry looked back into the flames, and jumped.

Sirius' head was sitting in the fire. If Harry hadn't seen Mr. Diggory do exactly the same back in the Weasley's kitchen, it would have scared him out of his wits. Instead, his face breaking into the first real smile he had worn for days, he scrambled out of his chair and crouched down by the hearth and said, ''Sirius â€" how're you doing?''

Sirius looked different from Harry's memory of him. When they had said goodbye, Sirius' face had been gaunt and sunken, surrounded by a quantity of long, black, matted hair â€" but the hair was short and clean now, Sirius's face was fuller, and he looked younger, much more like the only photograph Harry had of him, which had been taken at the Potter's wedding.

'Never mind me, how are you?' said Sirius seriously.

'I'm â€" '' For a second, Harry tried to say 'fine' â€" but he couldn't do it. Before he could stop himself, he was talking more

than he's talked in days â€" about how no one â€" except the Vikings â€" believed he hadn't entered the Tournament of his own will, how Rita Skeeter had lied about him in the Daily Prophet, how he couldn't walk down a corridor without being sneered at â€" and about Ron, Ron not believing him, Ron's jealousyâ€|

'â€| and now Hagrid's just shown me what's coming for the first task, and it's dragons, Sirius, and I'm a goner,' he finished desperately.

Sirius looked at him, eyes full of concern, eyes which had not yet lost the look that Azkaban had given them â€" that deadened, haunted look. He had let Harry talk himself into silence without interruption, but now he said, 'Dragons we can deal with, Harry, we'll get to that in a minute â€" I haven't got long hereâ€| I've broken into a wizarding house to use the fire, but they could be back at any time. There are things I need to warn you about.'

'What?' said Harry, feeling his spirit slip a further few notchesâ€| surely there could be nothing worse than dragons coming?

'The Vikings, don't trust them,' warned Sirius. Harry frowned. How could he say that about his new friends?

'What? But why?'

'Fifty years ago, in the rise of Voldemort, he made an alliance with a clan, encouraging them to fight alongside with the Death Eaters. You know what Death Eater are, don't you?'

'Yes â€" they â€" what?'

'The Ministry of Magic eventually caught the leader of the clan and they made a peace treaty with them. Vikings were allowed to live freely without fearing to be harmed by one of us but in exchange they were not allowed to wander on our grounds,' Sirius explained. 'I don't mean for you to stop talking to them, people change in fifty years, but don't too much at ease around them. Chances are, they have an alliance with Voldemort and pretend to be neutral.'

'That's veryâ€| reassuring,' mumbled sarcastically Harry.

'There's more,' continued Sirius. 'Karkaroff, he was a Death Eater.'

'What?'

'He was caught, he was in Azkaban with me, but he got released. I'd bet everything that's why Dumbledore wanted an Auror at Hogwarts this year â€" to keep an eye on him. Moody caught Karkaroff. Put him into Azkaban in the first place.'

'Karkaroff got released?' Harry said slowly â€" his brain seemed to be struggling to absorb yet another piece of shocking information. 'Why did they release him?'

'He did a deal with the Ministry of Magic,' said Sirius bitterly. 'He said he'd seen the error of his ways, and then he named namesâ€|

he put a load of other people into Azkaban in his placeâ€¦ he's not very popular in there, I can tell you. And since he got out, from what I can tell, he's been teaching the Dark Arts to every student who passes through that school of his. So watch out for the Durmstrang champion as well.'

'OK,' said Harry slowly. 'Butâ€¦ are you saying Karkaroff put my name in the Goblet? Because if he did, he's a really good actor. He seemed furious about it. He wanted to stop me competing.'

'We know he's a good actor,' said Sirius, 'because he convinced the Ministry of Magic to set him free, didn't he? Now I've been keeping an eye on the Daily Prophet, Harry â€" '

'You and the rest of the world,' said Harry bitterly.

'â€" and reading between the lines of that Skeeter woman's article last month, Moody was attacked the night before he started at Hogwarts. Yes, I know she said it was another false alarm,' Sirius said hastily, seeing Harry about to speak, 'but I don't think so, somehow. I think someone tried to stop him getting to Hogwarts. I think someone knew their job would be a lot more difficult with him around. And no one's going to look into it closely, Mad-Eye's heard intruders a bit too often, but that doesn't mean he can't still spot the real thing. Moody was the best Auror the Ministry of Magic ever had.

'Soâ€¦ what are you saying?' said Harry slowly. 'Karkaroff's trying to kill me? But â€" why?'

Sirius hesitated.

'I've been hearing some very strange things,' he said slowly. 'The Death Eaters seem to be a bit more active than usual lately. They showed themselves at the Quidditch World Cup, didn't they? Someone set off the Dark Markâ€¦ and then â€" did you hear about that Ministry of Magic witch who's gone missing?'

'Bertha Jorkins?' said Harry.

'Exactlyâ€¦ she disappeared in Albania, and that's definitely where Voldemort was rumoured to be lastâ€¦ and she would have known the Triwizard Tournament was coming up, wouldn't she?'

'Yeah butâ€¦ it's not very likely she'd have walked straight into Voldemort, is it?' said Harry.

'Listen, I knew Bertha Jorkins,' said Sirius grimly. 'She was at Hogwarts when I was, a few years aboe your dad and me. And she was an idiot. Very nosy, but no brains, none at all. It's not a good combination, Harry. I'd say she's be very easy to lure into a trap.'

'Soâ€¦ so Voldemort could have found out about the Tournament?' said Harry. 'Is that what you mean? You think Karkaroff might be here on his orders?'

'I don't know,' said Sirius slowly, 'I just don't knowâ€¦ Karkarof doesn't strike me as the type who'd go back to Voldemort unless he knew Voldemort was powerful enough to protect him. But whoever put

your name in that Goblet did it for a reason, and I can't help thinking the Tournament would be a very good way to attack you, and make it look like an accident.'

'Looks like a really good plan from where I'm standing,' said Harry bleakly. 'They'll just have to stand back and let the dragons do their stuffs.'

'Right â€" these dragons,' said Sirius, speaking very quickly now. 'There's a way, Harry. Don't be tempted to try a Stunning Spell â€" dragons are strong and too powerfully magical to be knocked out by a single Stunner. You need about half a dozen wizards at a time to overcome a dragon â€" '

'How about those from the Vikings?'

'It'd be the same I think. But you can do it alone,' said Sirius. 'There is a way, and a simple spell's all you need. Just â€" '

But Harry held up a hand to silence him, his heart suddenly pounding as thought it would burst. He could hear footsteps coming down from the spiral staircase behind him.

'Go!' he hissed at Sirius. '_Go_! There's someone coming!'

Harry scrambled to his feet, hiding the fire â€" if someone saw Sirius' face within the wall of Hogwarts, they would raise an almighty uproar â€" the Ministry would get dragged in â€" he, Harry, would be questioned about Sirius' whereabouts â€"

Harry heard a tiny pop in the fire behind him, and he knew Sirius was gone â€" he watched the bottom of the spiral staircase â€" who had decided to go for a stroll at one o'clock in the morning, and stopped Sirius telling him how to get pass a dragon?

It was Ron. Dressed in his maroon paisley pyjamas, Ron stopped dead facing Harry across the room and looked around.

'Who were you talking to?' he said.

'What's that got to do with you?' Harry snarled. 'What are you doing down here at this time of night?'

I just wondered where you â€"' Ron broke off, shrugging. 'Nothing. I'm going back to bed'

'Just thought you'd come nosing around, didn't you?' Harry shouted. He knew that Ron had no idea what he'd walked in on, he hadn't done it on purpose, but he didn't care â€" at this moment he hated everything about Ron, right down to the several inches of bare ankles showing beneath his pyjama trousers.

'Woah, woah, woah! Guys what's going on?' interrupted a voice coming from the entrance of the common room. Not later, Hiccup just walked in the room, worry and exhaustion written all over his face. Unlike when Harry saw him sooner in the night, he was now wearing one of his typical tunics a pair of trouser and a fur boot instead of the intimidating armor he wore before. The Viking stood between them and questioned Harry with only his eyes but the said boy completely avoided any eye contact with him. He still had the conversation with

Sirius playing in his mind.

'_Don't trust them.'_

'Look,' Hiccup took a deep breath before continuing. 'I think everyone's tired and we should call it a night, okay?' He took a step towards Harry but stopped himself when he saw the boy back away slightly at the approach. He sighed and went to Ron, grabbed his shoulder and pushed him lightly towards the spiral staircase. 'C'mon Ron, let's go,' he said tiredly.

'Sorry about that,' said Ron to Harry, reddening with anger, pushing away Hiccup's hand off his shoulder. 'Should've realised you didn't want to be disturbed. I'll let you get on with practising for your next interview in peace.'

'**Thor helvete**, Ron!' Hiccup said exasperatedly at the red haired teenager. His hand twitched as he felt the urge to slap his head for his stupidity of provoking the other boy.

Harry seized one of the _POTTER REALLY STINKS_ badges off the table and chucked it, as hard as he could, across the room. It hit Ron on the forehead and bounced off.

'There you go,' Harry said. 'Something for you to wear on Tuesday, You might even have a scar now, if you're luckyâ€| that's what you want, isn't it?'

Hiccup frowned at Harry and said slowly, 'that was low, Harryâ€|'

Harry strode across the room towards the stairs, he half expected Ron to stop him, he would even have liked Ron to throw a punch at him, but Ron just stood there in his too small pyjamas, and Harry, having stormed upstairs, lay awake in bed fuming for a long time afterwards, and he didn't hear him come up to bed.

FFS HERE YA GO ANOTHER CHAPTER COMPLETE

DON'T SAY ANYTHING; I KNOW!

_THIS CHAPTER IS FLIPPIN' SHORT COMPARED TO THE OTHERS BUT
__**PLEASE**__ SPARE ME THE RANT I'M NOT HAPPY WITH WHAT I DID AND
I'VE WORKED LIKE A SLAVE ON THAT BLOODY CHAPTER_

*CRY INTENSIFIED*

**NEXT CHAPTER: The First Task!**

WOOH! ALMOST THERE!

**Helping diddlydoo thingy in Norsk:**

**Skallen** â€" Skull_

**Natt Raseri** â€" Night Fury_

**Thor helvete** â€" Thor damnit_

8. Maybe back from the dead MAYBE

Hi fellas

Oh boy where should I startâ€¦ I know a LOT of people are probably pissed that I haven't continued this fanfiction after all the compliments it received and I am sincerely sorryâ€¦ I know I've said it before but I'm incredibly busy. I'm finishing a big part of my life (which is high school) and lots of other stuff happened. And the worst case of allâ€¦ I have a writer block of doomâ€¦ like, I couldn't get motivated, everything I wrote was poop and I felt like I wasn't up to what I wrote for you guys before. (the problem that everything I wrote was poop was mostly because I had to rewrite an important scene in the Boneknapper chapter since the scene had an immense impact of the incoming tasks)

So, on a lighter note, I've been burying myself under lots of things related to harry potter and I'm slowly getting back my inspiration and motivation to continue this story. Though there are a few things you guys should know:

#1: I need someone who speaks fluently in Norwegian (or do we say Norsk? I've seen the two terms so I'm a bit confused on that to be honestâ€¦) who would be willing to help me translate words for me. I've received a few messages telling me about the mistakes I did in Norwegian/Norsk and I honestly want a more reliable source than google translate for this story. I want my reader to have high quality!

#2: I haven't write seriously in a while now because I've been more focused on my grades and on developing my skills in drawing. So please be comprehensive if the incoming chapter is not as good as the previous onesâ€¦

#3: Next chapter won't come out soon because I'm still in high school, I got my week of exams that I am in dire need to pass if I wanna be able to go to college. Give me at least a week. I'll try to write snippets of the incoming chapter whenever I get free time from studying.

So yeah, that's pretty much all I had to say. I am SO sorry again that I haven't given any sign of life for almost a year and I understand perfectly well your frustration guys. I'd be as pissed as you guys if I found a story with potential and end up discovering that the author hasn't updated in a long time. With that said, I hope you guys have a great day/night, depending on where you live on this planet.

End
file.